
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

MEMOIRS
OF
MISS DE CAMP.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

THE human mind is so formed that it calls for recreation. Incessant business wears and confounds the powers of man; he sinks either into idiotism or premature old age. The duty we owe to our families and connections requires us to take care of our health, and to recruit our strength by a due degree of innocent amusement. Accordingly theatrical entertainments have their use, but should be enjoyed with temperance. To delineate the sorrows, or to lash the follies of our fellow-creatures, may answer some excellent purposes. What a pity that the stage has not been uniformly devoted to virtue! It is, however, somewhat reformed, and many of the actors possess a considerable degree of respectability. Among this

class is the subject of our memoir to be ranked, and therefore the particulars of her biography are entitled to attention.

ANNA THERESA DE CAMP was born at Vienna, the metropolis of Germany,. Her father at an early period of her life came to England, where his musical talents attracted attention. The daughter betrayed an early predilection for the stage: the Opera-house saw her taking some part even at six years of age; at another theatre she appeared when only eight years of age; so that her genius was forward, and we are to wonder the less at her subsequent celebrity.

The Circus and Haymarket theatre were honored by her talents for some time, where her elegance in dancing was the subject of general admiration. In *Jemmie's Return* she particularly distinguished herself; and her success at this period led on to a more public display of her exertions. Her fame, which was now rapidly progressive, pushed on the tide of prosperity, which she has long and deservedly enjoyed.

Her father, who did not meet with the success he expected, returned to Germany, where he soon died at the age of 30, leaving a wife and family. Miss DE CAMP being the eldest of the children, roused her powers, redoubled her exertions, and devoted herself in earnest to the duties of her profession. She applied seriously to the acquisition of our language; some respectable friends assisted her, and indeed thus ensured her improvement.

Her first appearance on the boards of Drury-lane theatre was in *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and her performance of *Juliet* is thought to have promoted the success of that entertainment. Her *singing* became very much admired at this period: she possessed that versatility of talents which is the sure indication of an expansive mind.

In the summer season of the year 1792 the *Beggar's Opera* was exhibited, for the benefit of Mr. Johnstone; our heroine performed *Mac-heath*, and in a manner which excited astonishment: she gave the airs with so much energy that the peculiar traits of the character were recognised—it was executed with an uncommon degree of fidelity.

The drury-lane managers often employed her about this time in the musical department: she was substituted for eminent musical characters who on some accounts were absent on the occasion. Such a substitution argued extraordinary talents, for the public received her with the most perfect satisfaction.

Nor must we forget here to notice her performance of *Madelon* in Colman's *Surrender of Calais*. Mrs. Bland was indisposed at the time, but she supplied her place in a manner that enhanced her fame and respectability.

Not long ago Miss DE CAMP brought out a comedy entitled *First Faults*, which shewed ability, and was well received. Her knowledge of life, her acquaintance with the human heart, is unquestionable. The comic strokes in this play are inimitable; we do not pro-

nounce it a perfect piece, but we are of opinion that the comedy has merits peculiar to itself: the mind of the author is evident throughout—it is characterised by discernment and liberality. Amongst so many able writers for the stage, the *female genius* may lay claim to its share of fame; it has put forth its energies successfully.

Such are the leading particulars of Miss DE CAMP's biography. We should have been happy to have had it in our power to extend it; we have, however, said sufficient to enable the reader to form some idea of her character. *All* that we have brought forward may be relied on as matter of fact; and *all* may be pronounced in favor of her merit and reputation. It is always a happiness to contemplate a theatrical character who reveres the laws of morality. We are assured from authentic intelligence that the subject of our memoir is a most respectable private character; that she loves domestic life, has endeared herself to her connections by her conduct, and therefore is much beloved by those that know her. We bear this testimony because we believe it to be a true one, and we bear it the more readily and cheerfully, because the theatre has not *always* been graced by characters which would bear a scrutiny.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 66.

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS,

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES, A. M.

Still let us sooth our travel with a strain.

WARTON.

THESE sonnets and poems have attracted a considerable share of the public attention, the sentiments and style have been much admired, and their tendency is favorable to virtue and piety; there is a melancholy tenderness also by which they are characterised. The author appears to have had his share of sickness, and this circumstance has thrown an interesting seriousness over the whole work.

Of the *sonnets*, take the following pleasing specimen:—

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Soft on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang steal unperceiv'd away:
 On thee I rest my only hope at last,
 And think, when thou hast dry'd the bitter
 tear,
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back on every sorrow past,
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile.
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam of the transient show'r,
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:

Yet, ah ! how must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from *thee*, and *thee* alone, a cure !

In the *Lines on Howard* we meet with the following expressive encomium :—

HOWARD ! I view those deeds, and think how
vain

The triumphs of weak man—the feeble strain
That flattery sings to conquest's crimson car,
Amid the banner'd host and the proud tents of
war !

But bear thou fearless on—the God of all,
To whom the afflicted kneel, the friendless call,
From his high throne of mercy shall approve
The holy deeds of mercy and of love :
For when the vanities of life's brief day
Oblivion's hurrying wing shall sweep away,
Each act by charity and mercy done
High o'er the wrecks of time shall live alone
Immortal as the heavens, and beauteous bloom
To other worlds and realms beyond the tomb !

The *Verses to the Philanthropic Society* have the following conclusion, where the benefits flowing to society from that institution are thus happily enumerated :—

Mean while, new virtues here, as on the wing
Of morn, from sorrow's dreary shades shall
spring

Young modesty with fair untainted bloom ;
And industry, that sings beside her loom ;
And ruddy labour, issuing from his hatch
Ere the slant sunbeam strikes the lowly thatch ;
And sweet contentment, smiling on a rock,
Like Alpine shepherdess beside her flock ;
And tender love, that hastes with myrtle braid
To bind the tresses of the favor'd maid ;

And piety, with unclasp'd holy book,
Lifting to Heaven her mildly beaming look :
These village virtues on the plain shall throng,
And Albion's hills resound a cheerful song ;
Whilst charity, with dewy eye-lids bland,
Leading a lisping infant in her hand,
Shall bend at pure religion's holy shrine,
And say, " These children, God of love, are
thine ! "

The *Monody written at Matlock* has the following striking lines :—

I hail the rugged scene that bursts around :
I mark the wre thed roots, the saplings grey,
That bend o'er the dark *Derwent's* wandering
way ;
I mark its stream with peace-persuading sound,
That steals beneath the fading foliage pale,
Or at the foot of frowning crags uprear'd,
Complains like one forsaken and unheard :
To me it seems to tell the pensive tale
Of spring time and the summer days all flown.
And while sad autumn's voice e'en now I hear
Along the umbrage of the high wood moan
At intervals, whose shivering leaves fall sear ;
Whilst o'er the groupe of pendant groves I view
The slowly-spreading tints of pining hue,
I think of poor humanity's brief day,
How fast its blossoms fade, its summers speed
away !

The volume closes with *HOPE*, an *Allegorical Sketch*, on slowly recovering from sickness : it is written after the manner of *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, and is of some length. After various pleasing stanzas, the subsequent lines form the conclusion :—

Yes, other scenes there are, and in a clime
Purer, and other strains to earth unknown,
Where Heaven's high host with symphonies sublime

Sing "Unto HIM that sitteth on the throne."
Enough for man, if he the task fulfil

Which GOD ordain'd, and to his journey's
end

Bear him right on, betide him good or ill ;

Then HOPE to sooth his death-bed shall descend,

Nor leave him, till in mansions of the blest

He gain his destin'd home, his everlasting rest!

Thus have we presented the reader with a few passages from *Bowles's Poems*, which in our opinion are deserving of attention—they possess merit, and must be gratifying to the sensible mind. Poetry was designed by Heaven to mitigate our griefs, to sooth our sorrows, and to enable us to pass on through the vale of life with a greater degree of cheerfulness and activity.

Islington.

J. E.

For the Monthly Visitor.

REFLECTIONS.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands and cities, with their glitt'ring spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there—
Will toys amuse? No; thrones will then be
toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

YOUNG.

AS the telescope presents us with a near and distinct view of distant objects, and in the celestial regions enables us to contemplate those useful and splendid bodies the sun, moon, and planets, and adore the beneficent Creator; as the microscope unfolds the wonders of the minute parts of creation, and discovers the latent native beauties and parts of the smallest insects, and captivates us with the wisdom, skill, and contrivance which manifests itself from the imperceptible mite to the immense and prodigious sun—so adversity teaches us to form a proper estimate of all sublunary objects and pursuits. In the moments of pain and uneasiness our pleasures present themselves to our senses plain and unvarnished: they appear in their true colours. The sparkling glass and

jovial song are then insipid, and Bacchus affords no satisfaction to his votaries;—the libertine now disclaims the laurels of obscenity, and no longer boasts of triumphs over injured innocence. When the ravager of human life appears to be approaching us with rapid strides, we are convinced that

“Virtue alone has majesty in death.”

Being out with a friend shooting, I could not but observe the striking similarity between the poor birds and their pompous lords. The little unsuspecting creatures, hopping from spray to spray for pleasure, or alighting on the fields to satisfy their craving appetites, received the swift destruction; those which escaped fled with alarm, but soon forgot, and returned. So man, sedulously pursuing one gratification after another, avariciously amassing wealth, ambitiously soaring for fame, or proudly aspiring after honor, is levelled at by disease and death; his survivors, alarmed with the report, discover a short concern, but soon recommence their pursuits with redoubled ardor—and why? because

All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden
dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close: where past the shaft, no trace is
found.

As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.

YOUNG.

Gravesend,
 September 6, 1802.

I. B.

REMARKABLE INTERPOSITION OF
 PROVIDENCE.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following narrative of the most signal interposition of Divine Providence, can impress on the minds of your readers a conviction that there surely exists a Power who watches over every occurrence of human life, and preserves and protects, though the elements and all the powers of nature conspire to destroy, it certainly deserves a place in your valuable miscellany.

Sept. 12, 1802.

J. E.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq. of Garrison, and Henry Irvine, Esq. of Castle Irvine, near Ballyshannon, in Ireland, having a boy named Gillepsie with them, went a few weeks ago in a yawl to fish above the salmon-leap at Ballyshannon, which, on account of the very unusual fall of rain this season, is at present swelled to an amazing height, and falls with an uncom-

mon velocity, as it can scarcely be remembered that the body of water which now rolls down that precipice has been exceeded for strength and rapidity of current in any of the winters which have gone before in the memory of the oldest man.

The scene about the salmon-leap is remarkable for romantic beauty, and the fineness of the day conspired to impress an idea of safety. A number of spectators were on every side to witness at once the elegance of the prospect and the novelty of a vessel fishing on such a placid sheet of water, which, on account of the vortex beneath, and so closely adjoining a scene so extraordinarily agitated, affords one of the most strikingly beautiful contrasts in nature; for the water immediately below the bridge of Ballyshannon, and which rolls from Lough Erne in silent majesty, is extremely placid, and the fair image of nature finely reflected on its watery breast, till within a short distance from the fall, assuming an angry aspect, the resistance of the rocks and huge stones cause an instantaneous and noisy surf, which, the more the obstacles increase, encreases the more furiously, till hurried precipitately, and with the most inconceivable fury, it arrives at the height of a precipice of not less than twenty feet, down which this world of water rolls with amazing roar, and is contemplated by the traveller as one of those grand productions of nature, to imitate which the most exuberant efforts of the pencil have fallen infinitely short, the sublimity and grandeur of which scarcely the utmost

limits of the finest imagination can reach.— Here, then, bordering upon this roaring fall of water, in a small yawl, tranquil, and unsuspecting the approaching danger, these gentlemen lured the finny tribe from their watery recesses; and such was the unruffled state of the element on which they floated, that the scaly inhabitants of the water could be plainly perceived or swimming or biting at the treacherous fly that played for their destruction on the bosom of the unagitated deep: but in the twinkling of an eye the stern of the little vessel was hurried round, having been trusted too far within the precincts of the circling waters, and its astonished freight in a second encircled with all the terrors of impending destruction. What must they do? To hesitate were death! The two gentlemen forsake their fragile bark, and attempting to stem the torrent before it becomes more impetuous, strive to evade a watery grave. Poor Hamilton unavailingly buffets the increasing strength of the waters, unavailingly opposes strength to strength—he is precipitated forward to the very bosom of the boiling stream, and, overcome by unconquerable force, is borne down even to the very edge of the formidable precipice, and in the sight of numerous spectators, feeling beyond description for his fate, sinks into the abyss beneath!

Down this fall, whatever living animal, or man, or horse, or cow, that had ever been hurried, had never in the recollection of the oldest man here, been seen or heard of more! But, strange to relate—passing strange! in the

midst of that pause of terror which followed his fate, Mr. Hamilton was descried with his head above the horrid gulph, and striking with both his arms in the briny boiling bason beneath, seemed to exhibit a strength super-human. A boat which had been fishing with a salmon-net in the pool, comes close to him, and, extraordinary as it may appear, after the wonderful ordeal he had passed, he jumps himself into the boat, and without a single bruise or contusion, is rowed to shore amid the acclamation of an astonished multitude.

Meanwhile, Mr. Irvine having also jumped from the yawl, by most uncommon exertions gained a spot in the river, in which he stuck, contending with the relentless stream till drawn from thence by a rope thrown to him by some adventurous men, who at the risk of their own lives saved his.

Here were two lives most providentially saved — The fate of the other yet remained in the most dubious suspence. The poor boy had regained the boat, and having thrown a rope ashore, had to combat the current with heroism, which he most certainly did, and displayed in the moment of the greatest danger a courage which would have done honor to one in a higher sphere. Now one part of the yawl, immersed in the water, and drawn onward by the force of the current to the fall, he appeared in the other part raised aloft, with the utmost coolness, to encourage those on shore to persevere in his assistance—till by the providence of an Almighty Protector, he was saved, and in

spite of the ungovernable power of the water, pulled on shore!—Here the lives of three men were most miraculously rescued, manifesting to the universe, that

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.

PICTURE OF MODERN FRANCE.

IN a letter from Paris, dated September 7, 1802, we have the following interesting particulars from a gentleman who has lately arrived there, and which is given by way of journal, as follows:—

On leaving Dieppe we took our places in the Diligence which set out from Roland's hotel at nine o'clock in the morning, the fare 6s. 8d. each, within side; the carriage on two wheels, open in front, and windows on each side, holding four persons on two rows of seats within, and two in the front, on which the driver sits, and partakes of the conversation when the row will admit him to sit there, otherwise he rides and drives his three horses; the carriage is heavy, but easy, airy, and pleasant, affording a clear view of the country, which seems to have been much neglected. The crops of corn, now standing, but thin, and in many parts not so forward as in England.—At Tourt, a distance of 18 miles, we dined, in company with the passengers, many of whom stop there; we had a good dinner at the mode-

rate charge of 2s. 6d. each, including wine and fruit. After stopping an hour, we proceeded to Rouen, the capital of Normandy, a distance of 18 miles farther, with the same horses and driver, without making any more stoppages; the road nearly in a straight line, and the country presenting the same aspect. The villagers clean, particularly the women, by whom all the laborious part of husbandry seems to be performed; several were at plough, and but few young men to be seen. We reached Rouen at six o'clock, took coffee, and went to the theatre, attracted thither by the great magnet, Madame Contat, whom I remember to have seen in Paris sixteen years ago, then the celebrated actress in Paris in the line of Mrs Abingdon; she first established her fame in the character of *Susan* in the *Follies of a Day*; she was at that time a fine figure, elegant, handsome, lively, and particularly interesting; at present she retains many attractions, but is too *en bon point* for the lively and light parts of comedy, to which she is particularly restricted; the height of Mrs. Abingdon, the *grosseur* and manner of Miss Pope. The night following, Friday, August 27, was appointed for the *debut* at Rouen, of Madame Contat, in the character of *Roxalana*, in the *Sultan*, but, in comparison with the *Thalia* of England, alas! it was but a feeble effort, wanting all the fascination of the bewitching Jordan; the dialogue was neatly delivered, with an expressive countenance, but in the sportive enchantments always displayed by Mrs. Jordan she was very defective. She is on

an itinerant excursion, and had only four nights more to perform at Rouen.

In perambulating the streets of that city, it was impossible to suppress many a gloomy reflection: but a few years ago, at once the Manchester and Bristol of France, now presenting a picture of desolation. The revolution has certainly laid a heavy hand on this emporium of merchandize and wealth. The inhabitants are now estimated at one hundred thousand, who have but little employment for the last ten years; their habitations crumbling to dust for want of common painting and reparation, at best of times but a gloomy place; the builings are principally of rough wood, intersected with white plaister. The streets excessively narrow, but seldom admitting two carriages to pass; but since the peace, I understand, the inhabitants are looking forward with cheerfulness in hopes of better times. Merchants of great opulence still reside there, and improvements have already commenced by the erection of new buildings and the repairing of old ones.

On Saturday morning I was informed that the order of Bonaparte had just been received for the execution of ten young men the same morning, who had been convicted as brigands (robbers); four of them had committed murders, and the rest as associates under the pretence of robbing in the cause of the king. They were related to persons of great respectability in Normandy. The first consul having magnanimously reserved to himself by the new con-

stitution—the heavenly attribute of granting mercy, when the exercise of justice and true humanity will admit it, an appeal was made in favor of these unfortunates, and their fate suspended a few days until his decree could be obtained. The result proved that no interest could prevail to screen the guilty, or prevent the austere maxim of our late great luminary of criminal jurisprudence, whose doctrine was, *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. In the Grand Place the preparations were compleat at noon; the machinery consisted of a square platform, about the height and dimensions of the erection for executions in London, with a high post in the centre of the outer frame, in which was drawn up in a groove the fatal instrument, fixed in a heavy block of wood not unlike a pile driver; the instrument shaped like a ploughshare, falling perpendicularly upon the criminal's neck, which was placed face downwards through a circular hole like the pillory, his body being extended on a plank at full length. The principal executioner was employed with his underling and workmen in adjusting the apparatus, in depositing the wooden shells, or troughs, in which the bodies after death were to be placed, and in adjusting a large bag, pitched and tarred, which was fixed on the outer part of the frame work to receive the heads on decapitation. Saw-dust and coarse cloths were prepared for the purpose of obliterating the effusion of blood. During the preparations the place of execution, which is the largest square in the city, was completely

crowded, and every window filled with lookers-on. At one a detachment of cavalry and a party of infantry attended to clear the ground near the scaffold, and all the agents of justice were in readiness to perform their respective offices; without noise or clamour this great assemblage were waiting, but, in common conversation, heard some of the croud observe, that the executioner *trembled like an Englishman*, which seemed to be considered as a good point. The procession commenced at one, and the culprits were conveyed in two open waggon, the upper part of their bodies naked, their hair cut short, and their arms pinioned, a crimson cloak, like a scarf, surrounding the shoulders of four of the prisoners as a distinction, pointing them out as murderers. Each of them was attended by a confessor, and, on arrival at the scaffold, they were instantly conducted up the steps to the platform, which they ascended with great steadiness, resignation, and marks of courage; in the same moment the executioner placed the first of them in his appointed situation; he then immediately gave the signal to his underling to pull up the weighty block which contained the guillotine, and to let it drop, which was done accordingly, but, horrible to behold? it failed in its effect, and the operation was repeated four times without complete decapitation; the head at last was severed from the body with a knife by a third person who attended on the scaffold. The first stroke certainly had occasioned instant death, as the body scarcely writhed; this defect

caused general sensations of horror, by expressions of *a bas ! a bas !* from the crowd. The rest of them met their fate with fortitude, and some of them with polite address, by bowing round to the crowd ; and the executioner received some plaudits for the celerity of his performance afterwards by exclamations of *Well done !*—The murderers were the last executed ; and all the bodies were in their shells, with their respective heads, in less than ten minutes after their arrival. It was said that forty persons had suffered there before, and the performance over in a quarter of an hour. The bodies were immediately conveyed away in the same wag-gons, lightly covered over with coarse cloths.

Sunday, August 29, continued our route to Paris, by the Diligence, about 90 miles from Rouen, the fare 17s. each in the common heavy coach, containing six persons, by the way of St. Germain ; the country all along affording the most beautiful prospects from the banks of the Seine ; not, however, appearing very fertile, but picturesque and interesting. The vines in this part of the country are small, and produce but meagre wine : the general beverage is cyder, but not surpassing the produce of England. At St. Germain, the stables, formerly the king's mews, are at present occupied by some regiments of French cavalry. We next reached Marli, 10 miles from Paris, about eight o'clock ; a place remarkable for its water-works, which supply Paris and Versailles. Six miles further we passed Malmaison, the present country residence of Bonaparte ; an elegant

mansion, and now under a state of farther improvement, situate on a rising ground on the banks of the Seine, enclosing a park, about a quarter of a mile from the high road, commanding a view of the river and circumadjacent country. New lodges in front are building, and barracks for a regiment of cavalry adjoining.

Our coach reached Paris at ten o'clock—drove to the Hotel Philadelphia, rue Petite Peres, pres Palais Royal, from which I now write.

To proceed, in detail.—Narrating the employment of my time to this day would exceed the limits of my present letter; I shall therefore only notice, in continuation, the sight, of all others, which is in general the first object of interest and anxiety to foreigners coming hither, viz.—

BONAPARTE REVIEWING HIS FAVORITE TROOPS.

This grand parade takes place the 15th day of every French calendar month, and it requires considerable interest to obtain a situation in the apartments of the palace of the Thuilleries, which commands a commodious and close view of the whole ceremony. I thought myself fortunate in being favored with a card of admission into the apartment of M. Maret, secretary of state, which is situate in the right wing, in the front of the palace, facing the Place Carousel. My situation commanded a flank view of the grand ceremony. At ten o'clock the troops

began to assemble; at half past eleven they were all on the ground. The cavalry and artillery were formed in the Place Caroussel in lines three deep, and the infantry within the front court of the palace, and exhibited one of the most interesting and beautiful spectacles that can be imagined. The uniforms, in general, of the cavalry, were dark green, faced with red and orange colour; and the infantry blue faced with red; white waistcoats and pantaloons, or waistcoats and stockings: the officers of the staff very rich, and splendidly embroidered with gold, and the men composed entirely of the finest figures in the French army. At twelve o'clock the first consul descended from his apartments, in the centre of the palace of the Thuilleries, and was received by a number of his general officers and aid-de-camps;—after mounting his milk-white steed (a beautiful Arabian), he advanced to the extremity of the left line immediately in front of the palace, preceded by M. Beauharnois (an elegant young man, the son of Madame Bonaparte), very superbly dressed as a hussar, and a general officer in his rich uniform. The chief consul immediately following them singly, and sufficiently detached from his suit to be seen by the spectators. His dress was remarkably plain—cocked hat of moderate size, without any lace, plain blue coat, and white waistcoat, breeches, and stockings; English fashion boots, turn down tops and loose, dropping to the middle of his leg; his figure, although rather below the middle size, neat and well formed, his face pale,

forehead wide and high, large dark eyes, chin rather turned up, and Grecian nose, not so large as generally described, a pensive, but not austere aspect ; dark hair cut short. The reflections and emotions I felt on beholding this wonderful being, may be more easily conceived than described—the commanding influence he has obtained, the possessions he has acquired, and the glory he has atchieved by the energy and sublimity of his genius, will be for historians in future to descant upon.

He passed immediately under the window where I was situated, and therefore I had a minute view of his person. In his suite a Mameluke youth (being his particular favorite) attended, richly dressed in the costume of his country. After passing in front of all the lines which were formed, three deep, from one end of the court-yard to the other, being about 300 yards, the chief consul and his suite passed through the great gates in the centre. and reviewed eight regiments of cavalry in the Place Caroussel, fronting the palace, in the same manner, afterwards returning, and taking his station in the centre adjoining the portico of the palace, as the troops passed by him in companies, and retired through the avenue in the right wing to their respective quarters. The chief consul then returned to his apartments, and gave audience to several English officers, and other gentlemen, who were waiting for that honor.—The whole was concluded before two o'clock.

(To be continued.)

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST NUMBER.

LOGOGRIPH.

BEARD—in which may be found Bear, Red, Ear,
Bread, Read, Bead, Ba, Brad, Bar, Bare, Bed,
Bred, Dear, Are, Drab, Dab, Bad, Dare, Era,
Bard, Be.

ENIGMA.

(To be answered in our next.)

WIDE is my empire o'er this nether world ;
By me have thousands been to ruin hurl'd ;
But tho' my fury does at times pervade
Nature's fair forms and wonders art has made,
Yet in my milder sovereignty you'll find
Unnumber'd qualities of good combin'd :
Life, but for me, would soon its forfeit pay,
And nature's pleasing prospects too decay ;
All beings animate on me depend,
But chietly I the sick and weak befriend,
Chace ills away, restore departing breath,
The wondrous agent both of life and death.
High-valued stores are trusted to my care,
Gold and rich gems ere they adorn the fair ;
To me, though faithless, men commit their lives,
And the bold mirthful youth to vex me strives,
Fearless in my insidious bosom plays,
Spite of the fatal warning it betrays.
Nor is my reign confin'd to earth alone,
Ethereal realms invest me with a throne.

AIR BALLOON.

M. GARNERIN'S THIRD ASCENSION.

THIS intrepid aeronaut ascended on Tuesday afternoon, August 3, from Vauxhall gardens.—The bills of the day informed the public that he would ascend at half past six o'clock, accompanied by Madame Garnerin and a gentleman. Curiosity was excited to the utmost degree, it being the first time, for fifteen years, since a lady had ventured, in this country, to soar the empyrean height. The day was exceedingly fine, and the crowd of spectators was immense. Without the garden, it is computed that upwards of 300,000 persons were collected; and at an early hour several thousands tried for admission into the Gardens.—The balloon (which is the same in which Mr. Garnerin made his last voyage from Lord's Cricket Ground) was placed in the centre walk of the gardens, and the process of filling it with inflammable air was completed at five o'clock. Madame Garnerin was a considerable time on the stage, and was received by the spectators with the most enthusiastic tokens of admiration. She is rather above the middle size, extremely pretty, and her countenance very animated. She was dressed in white, in the English style, and returned the applause paid to her with marks of the utmost respect. A gentleman of the name of Glassford was appointed to accompany them in traversing the

air. During the interval of the time of ascension, Madame Garnerin promenaded round the gardens, accompanied by Mr. Astley, jun. of the Amphitheatre, who was very attentive in rendering every assistance to her. At seven o'clock exactly, due notice having been given by the firing of three guns, Madame Garnerin took her seat in the car; then followed Mr. Glassford; and, lastly, Mr. Garnerin, who politely bowed to the spectators, previous to his taking his seat, and was received with loud buzzas. Some little interruption was occasioned by the balloon not immediately rising, but Mr. Garnerin obviated this difficulty by throwing out some ballast, and the balloon then gradually ascended in the most majestic manner. Scarce a breath of wind moved, and the aeronauts remained at a considerable height nearly over the spot from whence they ascended, to the admiration of the spectators, who testified their joy at this brilliant spectacle by the most loud and reiterated shouts of applause. In about ten minutes, Mr. Garnerin let fall from the car a small parachute, to which was suspended a cat. The balloon then began to ascend a little, and afterwards descend, keeping in view for upwards of an hour. Mr. Garnerin manifesting, during the whole of the time, the utmost dexterity in the management of it. At a quarter past eight o'clock the aeronauts descended with the facility of a bird, and without having experienced any inconvenience on reaching the ground, in Lord Rosslyn's paddock on the top of Hamstead Hill. Mr. Dick-

inson, of Long-acre, followed the balloon on horseback, and after assisting in fastening it on its descent, proceeded to Vauxhall, where his communication of the safety of the aeronauts was received by the anxious crowd with the most becoming tokens of sincere joy.

When the aerial travellers first ascended, they experienced not the least wind. When at the height of about 10,000 feet, a little current of wind took them, and had not Mr. Garnerin been pledged to return to the gardens the same evening, he would have proceeded to a great distance. When they alighted in the ground of Lord Rosslyn, every assistance was afforded them by a large number of persons who had followed from Vauxhall on horseback; they experienced much difficulty in bringing the anchor to hold, and were dragged to a considerable distance. After securing the balloon, they proceeded for the gardens, where they arrived about eleven o'clock. Madame Garnerin walked once or twice round the garden, in company with Mr. Astley and some friends, but the crowd was so great, each person being eager to view the adventurous fair one, that it was thought adviseable for the party to retire, which they accordingly did into the box which is generally appropriated for the use of the Prince of Wales, where an elegant supper was served up. Mr. Garnerin during the time of supper received the compliments of a variety of persons, which he in the most polite manner returned. Captain Sowden was in the gardens when the balloon first ascended, and rendered

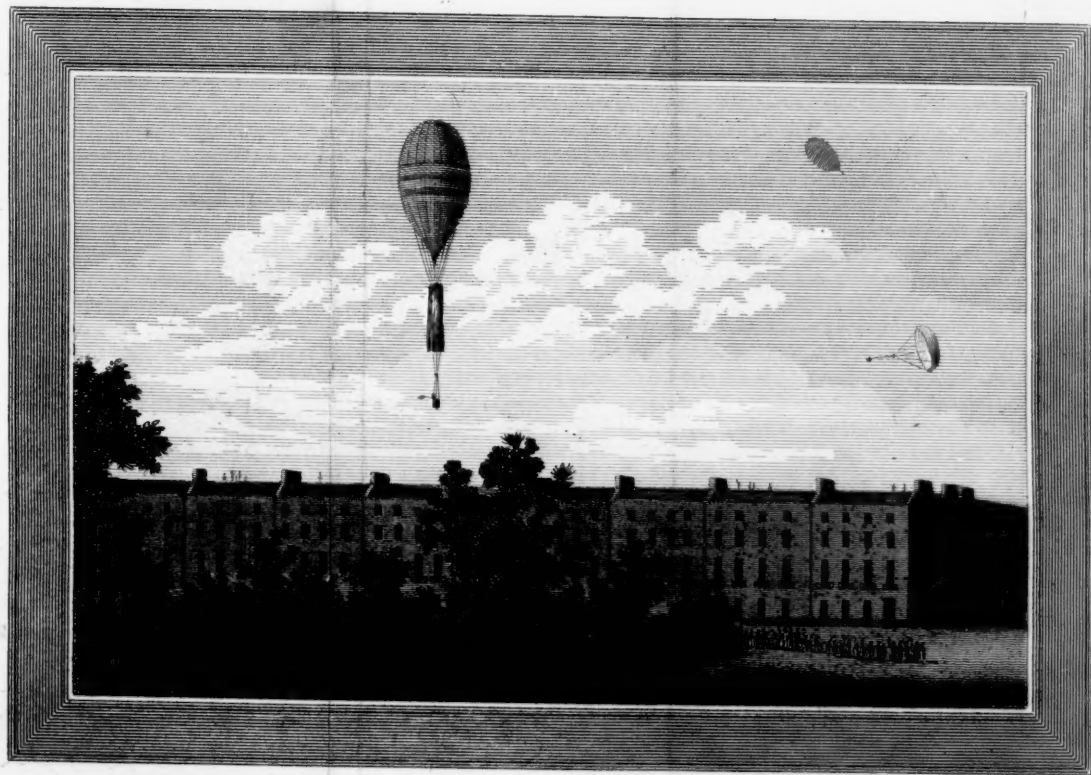
every assistance. A Mr. Carterry was to have accompanied Mr. and Madame Garnerin, but declined just before the time appointed for ascension; in consequence of which, Mr. D. Glassford, the gentleman alluded to, succeeded to his place.

M. GARNERIN'S FOURTH ASCENSION, AND
DESCENT IN A PARACHUTE.

ON Tuesday the 22nd day of September MONSIEUR GARNERIN made his promised ascension with a balloon and parachute, from Saint George's Parade, North Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, amidst the acclamations of an astonished multitude, who were anxious for his fate, on account of the safe completion of his descent in the parachute, which is considered the *chef d'œuvre* of aërial exploits.

Many noblemen and gentlemen were at the ground at an early hour, among whom were Lord Camden, Lord Wm. Russell, Mr. Combe, Mr. Dent, &c. &c. with several ladies of fashion.

About one o'clock the balloon was brought to the ground, and placed in a proper situation to be impregnated with inflammable air. There were thirty-six casks filled with steel filings and vitriol, and other materials to produce the gas, which communicated with three other casks termed general receivers, to each of which was fixed a tube which emptied itself into the main tube attached to the balloon; and in this manner it began to fill with the same regularity as



M. Garnerin's Ascent, and Descent in the Parachute.

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on former occasions, and every thing proceeded without bustle or confusion.

At five o'clock a small pilot balloon was brought into the ring to be filled with gas, which Mr. Garnerin sent up to try the current of the air. It was sent up soon after five o'clock, and in about ten minutes disappeared in the clouds, taking a N. E. direction. This proving to Mr. Garnerin that the air was in such a state that he might descend in the parachute with safety, he began to prepare for his departure, and certainly no day could be better adapted for the purpose. This seemed to inspire the aëronaut with confidence. Lord Stanhope, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, and some other persons of distinction, gained admittance into the ring to have a nearer view of the preparations.

Three cords were now tied to the hoop fastened to the bottom of the balloon, which were held by several men, who were instructed to suffer the balloon to rise to a certain height, that M. Garnerin might judge if the parachute (which at the same time was attached to the bottom of the netting of the balloon by a strong rope) hung in a proper situation, and to give him also an opportunity to adjust the different cords belonging to the parachute. This rope, tied to the netting, was the only one which M. Garnerin depended on to support his weight, and it ran through a tin tube which reached down to the basket in which he was placed.—The use of this tube was the more readily to detach himself from the balloon, to make the

rope slip more certain, and to prevent its being entangled with any other cords. The basket fixed to the parachute was covered with leather, made very strong, to resist any severe blows that it might sustain in coming down: it contained a quantity of sand for ballast, as M. Garnerin did not consider his weight a sufficient equipoise for the parachute.

Every thing being now in readiness and completed, Mr. Garnerin's ascension was announced, and this became a moment of great anxiety and interest. At the word of command the cords were let loose, and a more grand and majestic ascension was never witnessed, accompanied by clapping of hands and loud plaudits, Mr. Garnerin at the same time waving a flag. In the space of about eight minutes the balloon and parachute had ascended to an immense height, and Mr. Garnerin in the basket could scarcely be perceived, the direction being nearly the same as the pilot balloon. While the company was contemplating attentively the grand sight before them, Mr. Garnerin cut the rope, and in an instant he was separated from the balloon, and trusted his safety to the parachute. In a few moments after he had quitted the balloon, the parachute expanded, and it seemed stationary, or at least its descent was gradual; but in a short time its agitation was so great that no person could view Mr. Garnerin's situation without feeling for his fate: he was swung with such velocity backward and forward in the air, that every one trembled for his situation. As he descended, the rapidity of

the motion of the basket seemed to increase, and when his situation could no longer be seen for the houses, some thousands from different quarters either ran or rode on horseback to the place where he appeared to have made his descent, to learn his destiny, when it was found that he had fallen in an enclosed field near to the Small-pox Hospital, at Pancras. On coming to the earth, he experienced some violent shocks from the velocity with which the basket came in contact with the ground. When Mr. Garnerin first alighted, very few persons were near him, but in a few minutes there were not less than a thousand. A person on horseback immediately alighted, and placed Mr. Garnerin on his horse, as he was very much fatigued and faint. His situation now again became alarming, as the crowd from curiosity pressed so close upon, him that he was in great danger of being thrown to the ground, when several gentlemen on horseback seeing his situation, formed themselves into a body of cavalry, to protect him from the mob. A procession then took place along the New Road, attended by an immense crowd, carrying before them the hoop of the parachute, to denote that M. Garnerin was on his way. A gentleman also rode by his side, waving the flag used by the aëronaut in his ascent. He was accompanied to the house of a friend in Blanford-street, where the multitude dispersed. — M. Garnerin promises another ascent, in Bristol, of which we shall give an account in our next.

ORIGINAL AËRIAL ANECDOTE.

WHEN Vincent Lunardi, secretary to the Neapolitan ambassador, first ascended with his cat in his balloon from the Artillery-ground, on the 15th of September, 1784, this being the first aërial traveller in the English atmosphere, the extreme curiosity that pervaded the public mind on the occasion is hardly credible, and till he was known to have arrived safe near Ware, in Hertfordshire. The fate of Lunardi was the theme of every tongue previous to the liberation of the balloon; few could conceive that any one would be found hardy enough to venture his body into the unknown regions of the air; and the spectators were so numerous, that in Moorfields scarce any thing was to be seen but human heads; the tops of the houses, the windows, and every place near the spot were entirely filled with such multitudes of people as was hardly ever seen together before—all parts of the town were eager for his appearance. At the sessions-house, on Clerkenwell-green, the court was sitting, and a prisoner was at the bar, when a man putting his head in at the door, exclaimed, "He's up—he's up—he's off—he's off!" The judge, jury, witnesses, &c. immediately leaped from their seats as if touched by a stroke of electricity, and pressing forwards against each other, run out of court, so eager was their curiosity to see a man in the clouds. The prisoner was as eager as any of them to get out, and was with difficulty prevented.—Lunardi dropped his flag, which was made of red oiled silk, and which happened to fall on Clerkenwell-green; it was immediately snatched up, and torn to pieces. The writer of this anecdote got about twenty inches of it. Perhaps no circumstance short of an earthquake would cause so immediate and so extraordinary an effect on the solemnity of a court of justice.

LIST OF THE MEMBERS

COMPOSING THE SECOND IMPERIAL
PARLIAMENT.

1 Denotes New Members. 2 Old Members sitting
for New Places.

A BINGDON, Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe
Agmondesham, T. Drake Tyrwhitt, C.
Drake Garrard
St. Alban's, W. S. Poyntz, 1 Hon. J. W. Grimstone
Aldeburgh (Suffolk), Sir J. Aubrey, Bart. 1 Col.
J. M'Mahon
Aldborough, C. Duncombe, Jun. 1 John Sullivan
Andover, T. A. Smith, 1 Hon. Newton Fellowes
Anglesea, Hon. Arthur Paget
Appleby, John Courtney, 1 Philip Francis
Arundel, 1 Lord Andover, 1 John Atkins
Ashburton, Walker Palk, 1 Sir Hugh Inglis
Aylesbury, 1 Robert Bent, 2 James Dupre
Banbury, Dudley North
Barnstaple, 1 Sir Edward Pellew, 2 W. Devaynes
Bath City, Lord John Thynne, John Palmer
Beaumaris Town, Lord Newborough
Bedfordshire, Hon. St. And. St. John, J. Osborn
Bedford Town, S. Whitbread, 1 W. Lee Antonie
Bedwin Great, Sir R. J. Buxton, Bart. 1 Sir N.
Holland
Beeralston, William Mitford, Lord Lovaine
Berkshire, George Vansittart, Charles Dundas
Berwick (Northum.) 2 John Fordyce, 1 Tho. Hall
Beverley, Napier Christie Burton, 1 John Wharton
Bewdley, Miles Peter Andrews
Bishop's Castle, 2 John Robinson, William Clive
Bletchingly, 1 James Milnes, 1 John Benn Walsh
Bodmin, 1 Jos. Du. Porcher, 2 C. Shaw Lefevre

Boroughbridge, Hon. J. Scott, 1 E. B. Portman
 Bosiney, Hon. J. S. Wortley, 2 J. Hiley Addington
 Boston, Thomas Fyddell, 1 Wm. Alex. Madocks
 Bracley, John William Egerton, Samuel Haynes
 Bramber, 2 George Sutton, 2 Henry Joddrell
 Brecon County, Sir Charles Morgan
 Brecon Town, Sir Robert Salusbury, Bart.
 Bridgenorth, I. H. Browne, John Whitmore
 Bridport, 2 Sir Evan Nepean, George Barclay
 Bridgewater, George Pocock, Jefferys Allen
 Bristol City, Charles Bragge, 1 Evan Baillie
 Buckinghamshire, Marquis of Titchfield, Earl
 Temple
 Buckingham Town, Right Hon. T. Grenville,
 2 Lord Proby
 Callington, Paul Orchard, John Inglett Fortescue
 Calne, Joseph Jekyll, 1 Lord Henry Petty
 Cambridgeshire, Right Hon. C. Yorke, 1 Lord C.
 Manners
 Cambridge Town, R. Manners, Hon. Ed. Finch
 Cambridge University, Right Hon. William Pitt,
 Earl of Euston
 Camelford, 2 Robert Adair, 1 John Fonblanque
 Canterbury, Hon. George Watson, 1 John Baker
 Cardiff, Lord Evelyn, James Stuart
 Cardiganshire, Thomas Johnes
 Cardigan Town, Hon. John Vaughan
 Carlisle City, J. C. Curwen, 2 W. Spen. Stanhope
 Carmarthenshire, 1 James Hamlyn Williams
 Carmarthen Town, John George Philips
 Carnarvonshire, Sir Robert Williams
 Carnarvon Town, Hon. Edward Paget
 Castle Rising, 2 Peter I. Thellusson, C. Chester
 Cheshire, 2 John Wm. Egerton, T. Cholmondeley
 Chester, Lord Belgrave, Thomas Grosvenor
 Chichester, Right Hon. T. Steele, G. W. Thomas
 Chippenham, James Dawkins, 1 Charles Brooke
 Christchurch, Rt. Hon. Geo. Rose, 2 Wm. Sturges

Cirencester, Sir R. Preston, Michael Hicks Beach
 Clitheroe, Hon. Robert Curzon, †Hon. John Cust
 Cockermouth, 1 Robert Ward, 1 James Graham
 Colchester, Robert Thornton, 2 John Denison
 Corf Castle, Henry Banks, Nathaniel Bond
 Cornwall, Sir William Lemon, Francis Gregor
 Coventry, Nathaniel Jeffries, 1 Captain Barlowe
 Criclade, Lord Porchester, Thomas Estcourt
 Cumberland, Sir H. Fletcher, Bart. John Lowther
 Dartmouth, Edm. Bastard, Rt. Hon. J. C. Villiers
 Denbighshire, Sir W. W. Wynne
 Denbigh Town, 1 Hon. Frederick West
 Derbyshire, Lord G. A. H. Cavendish, E. Miller
 Mundy
 Derby Town, Edward Coke, Hon. Geo. Walpole
 Devizes, Right Hon. Henry Addington, Jos. Smith
 Devonshire, John N. Bastard, Sir Lawrence Palk
 Dorsetshire, Wm. Morton Pitt, Francis J. Browne
 Dorchester, Hon. Cropley Ashley, Francis Fane
 Dover, 1 John Spencer Smith, John Trevanion
 Downton, 1 Hon. J. W. Ward, Hon. Ed. Bouverie
 Droitwich, Hon. And. Foley, Sir Ed. Winnington
 Dunwich, Lord Huntingfield, Snowden Barne
 Durham County, Sir R. Milbanke, Rowl. Burdon
 Durham City, Ralph J. Lambton, 1 Mr. Wharton
 East Looe, 1 John Buller, 1 Edward Buller
 St. Edmondsbury, 1 Lord C. Fitzroy, Lord Hervey
 Essex, 1 Eliab Harvey, John Bullock
 Evesham, 1 P. Craufurd Bruce, Charles Thellusson
 Exeter, 2 James Buller, Sir Charles Bampfylde
 Eye, Hon. William Cornwallis, James Cornwallis
 Flintshire, Sir Thomas Mostyn
 Flint Watkin Williams
 Fowey, Reginald Pole Carew, Edward Golding
 Gatton, 1 James Dashwood, 2 Mark Wood
 St. Germain, 1 Lord Binning, 1 James Langham
 Glamorganshire, Thomas Windham

Gloucestershire, Hon. G. C. Berkeley, Marquis of Worcester

Gloucester City, John Pitt, Henry Howard
 Grampound, 2 B. Hobhouse, Sir C. Hawkins
 Grantham, 1 Sir Wm. E. Welby, Thos. Thoroton
 Great Grimsby, Ayscough Boucherett, 1 J. H. Loft
 East Grinstead, 2 Sir H. Strachey, 1 Daniel Giles
 Guildford, Lord Cranley, Hon. J. Chapple Norton
 Hampshire, Sir Wm. Heathcote, William Chute
 Harwich, John Robinson, 1 Thomas Myres
 Haslemere, George Wood, 2 Richard Penn
 Hastings, 2 Lord Glenbervie, 2 William Gunning
 Haverfordwest, Lord Kensington

Helston, 1 Lord Fitzharris, 1 John Penn
 Herefordshire, 1 Sir G. Cornewall, 1 J. G. Cotterell
 Hereford City, J. Scudamore, T. Powell Symonds
 Hertfordshire, 1 Hon. P. Lamb, William Plumer
 Hertford Town, 1 Hon. E. S. Cowper, N. Calvert
 Hedon, 2 George Johnstone, Christopher Saville
 Heytesbury, 2 Right Hon. C. Abbott, 1 Viscount
 Kirkwall

Higham Ferrers, Francis Ferrand Foljambe
 Hindon, 2 Right Hon. T. Wallace, 1 John Pedley
 Honiton, George Shum, 2 Sir John Honeywood
 Horsham, 1 Patrick Ross, 1 Edward Hilliard
 Huntingdonshire, Lord Hinchinbrook, Lord Fred.
 Montague

Huntingdon Town, W. Henry Fellowes, J. Calvert
 Hythe, 1 Matthew White, 1 Thomas G. Godfrey
 Ilchester, 1 Thomas Plummer, 1 William Hunter
 Ipswich, C. A. Cricket, Sir A. S. Hammond
 St. Ives, William Praed, 1 Jonathan Raine
 Kent, Sir William Geary, 1 Filmer Honeywood
 King's Lynn, M. B. Folkes, 1 W. Walpole
 Kingston upon Hull, S. Thornton, 1 J. Staniforth
 Knaresborough, James Hare, Lord J. Townshend
 Lancashire, Thomas Stanley, John Blackburne

Lancaster Town, Marquis Douglas, John Dent
 Launceston, 1 Capt. R. H. A. Bennet, Js. Brogden
 Leicestershire, G. A. L. Keck, Sir E. C. Hartop
 Leicester, Samuel Smith, Thomas Babington
 Leominster, 2 Mr. Lubbock, 1 Mr. Kinnaird
 Leskeard, Hon. John Eliot, 2 Hon. William Eliot
 Lestwithiel, Hans Sloane, 2 Wm. Dickinson, jun.
 Lewes, 2 Lord F. Osborne, 1 Henry Shelley
 Litchfield, Thomas Anson, Sir John Wrottesley
 Lime Regis, Hon. Henry Fane, Hon. Thomas Fane
 Lincolnshire, 1 Char. Chaplin, Sir Gib. Heathcote
 Lincoln City, Richard Ellison, Humph. Sibthorpe
 Liverpool, Banastre Tarlton, Isaac Gascoigne
 London, Sir J. W. Anderson, H. C. Combe,
 1 Charles Price, William Curtis
 Ludlow, Richard Hayne, knt. Hon. Robert Clive
 Ludgershall, Earl of Dalkeith, Thomas Everett
 Lymington, 1 Major Gen. Burrard, W. Manning
 Maidstone, Sir M. Bloxham, 1 J. Hodsdon Durand
 Maldon, Joseph H. Strutt, Charles Callis Western
 Malmesbury, 1 Samuel Scott, 1 Claude Scott
 Malton, Bryan Cooke, Hon. Charles L. Dundas
 Marlborough, Right Hon. Lord Bruce, 1 James
 H. Leigh
 Marlow, Thomas Williams, Owen Williams
 St. Mawe's, 2 Right Hon. Wm. Windham, Sir
 W. Young
 Melcombe Regis, W. Garthshore, 1 Mr. Arbuthnot
 Merionethshire, Sir R. Williams Vaughan
 St Michael's 1 Robert Dallas, 1 Robert S. Ainslie
 Middlesex, George Byng, 2 Sir Francis Burdett
 Midhurst, George Smith, 1 Samuel Smith
 Milborne Port, Lord H. Paget, 1 Hugh Leycester
 Minehead, John F. Luttrell, 1 John Patterson
 Monmouthshire, James Rooke, Charles Morgan
 Monmouth Town, 2 Lord Charles Somerset
 Montgomeryshire, Charles Wat. Williams Wynne
 Montgomery Town, Whitshed Keine

Morpeth, Lord Morpeth, 1 William Ord
 Newark, 1 Sir Charles M. Pole, Sir T. M. Sutton
 Newcastle-under-Lime, 1 Sir R. Lawley, E. Wilb.
 Bootle
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sir M. W. Ridley, C. J.
 Brandling
 Newport (Hants) 2 J. Blackburne, 1 R Gervas Ker
 Newport (Cornwall) Wm. Northey, J. Richardson
 Newtown (Lancashire) Thos. Brooke, Peter Patten
 Newtown (Hants) 1 Sir R. Barclay, 1 C. Chapman
 Norfolk, Thomas Wm. Coke, Sir Jacob Astley
 Northallerton, Henry Pierce, Hon. Ed. Lascelles
 Northamptonshire, F. Dickins, W. R. Cartwright
 Northampton Town, Hon. E. Bouverie, Hon. S.
 Percival
 Northumberland, Hon. C. Grey, T. R. Beaumont
 Norwich, 2 William Smith, 1 R. Fellowes
 Nottinghamshire, Lord W. H. C. Bentinck, C.
 H. Pierrepont
 Nottingham Town, 1 J. Birch, Sir J. Bor. Warren
 Okehampton, Mr. Strange, 1 ——— Holland
 Oxford, Lord R. Seymour Conway, 1 James Trail
 Oxfordshire, Lord F. Almaric Spencer, John Fane
 Oxford City, 1 Atkyns Wright, Francis Burton
 Oxford University, Sir W. Dolben, Sir W. Scott
 Pembrokeshire, Lord Milford
 Pembroke Town, Hugh Barlow
 Penrhyn, Sir Ste. Lushington, 1 Sir John Nicholl
 Peterborough City, French Laurence, 2 W. Elliot
 Petersfield, Hylton Jolliffe, 1 Serjeant Wm. Best
 Plymouth, Sir William Elford, 1 Philip Langmead
 Plympton, 2 Philip Metcalf, 1 Mr. Gould
 Pontefract, John Smyth, 1 Richard Benyon
 Poole, John Jeffery, George Garland
 Portsmouth, Hon. Tho. Erskine, John Markham
 Preston, 1 John Horrocks, Lord Stanley
 Queenborough, 1 John Prinsep, 1 Geo. Pet. Moore
 Radnor County, Walter Wilkins

New Radnor Town, Richard Price
 Reading, 2 Charles Shaw Lefevre, Francis Annesley
 East Retford, 1 Col. Robert Craufurd, 1 J. Jaffray
 Richmond (Yorkshire) Hon. G. H. L. Dundas,
 A. Shakespear

Ripon, John Heathcote, Sir James Graham
 Rochester, 1 Sir Sydney Smith, 1 James Hukes
 New Romney, John Willett Willett, 1 Man Lopez
 Rutland, Gerard Noel Noel, 1 Lord Carbery
 Rye, Lord Hawkesbury, 1 Thomas Davis Lamb
 Riegate, Hon. J. S. Cocks, Hon. J. S. Yorke
 Shropshire, Sir Rich. Hill, John Kynaston Powell
 Saltash, 1 Matthew Russell, 1 Robert Deverell
 Sandwich, Sir Philip Stephens, Sir Horace Mann
 New Sarum, 2 Lord Visc. Folkestone, W. Hussey
 Old Sarum, 2 Nich. Vansittart, 2 Henry Alexander
 Scarborough, Hon. E. Phipps, 1 Lord R. Manners
 Seaford, 1 Rich. Joseph Sullivan, Charles R. Ellis
 Shaftesbury, 1 E. Loveden Loveden, 1 Rob. Hurst
 New Shoreham, Sir Cecil Bisshopp, 1 Tim. Shelley
 Shrewsbury, Sir Wm. Pulteney, Hon. Wm. Hill
 Somersetshire, Wm. Gore. Langton, Wm. Dickinson, sen.

Southampton, James Amyatt, George Henry Rose
 Southwark, Henry Thornton, George Tierney
 Staffordshire, Sir Ed. Littleton, Lord G. L. Gower
 Stafford Town, Hon. E. Monckton, R. B. Sheridan
 Stamford, John Leland, Albemarle Bertie
 Steyning, James Martyn Lloyd, 1 Robert Hurst
 Stockbridge, 1 Joseph Forster Barham, Geo. Porter
 Sudbury, 1 Sir J. Cox Hipplesey, 1 John Pytches
 Suffolk, Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Brome
 Surrey, Lord Wm. Russell, Sir John Frederick
 Sus-ex, Hon. Charles Lennox, John Fuller
 Tamworth, 2 Gen. Wm. Loftus, Sir Robert Peele
 Tavistock, Hon. R. Fitzpatrick, Lord R. Spencer
 Taunton, William Morland, John Hammet
 Tewkesbury, James Martin, Christo Codrington.

Thetford, 1 Thomas Creevy, John Harrison
 Thirsk, Sir Gregory P. Turner, Wm. Frankland
 Tiverton, Right Hon. D. Rider, Hon. Rd. Rider
 Totness, 1 John Berkley Burland, Wm. Adams
 Tregony, 1 Marquis of Blandford, 1 Char. Cockerell
 Truro, 1 Edward Leveson Gower, John Lemon
 Wallingford, 1 Wm. Lewis Hughes, Sir Fran. Sykes
 Wareham, John Calcraft, 2 Andrew Strahan
 Warwickshire, Sir G. A. W. S. Evelyn, 1 D. S.
 Dugdale
 Warwick Town, 1 Lord Brooke, 1 Charles Mills
 Wells City, Clement Tudway, Charles W. Taylor
 Wendover, 2 Charles Long, 2 John Smith
 Wenloc, Cecil Forester, Hon. A. Simpson
 Weobley, Lord George Thynne, 1 Robert Steele
 Westbury, 1 William Baldwyn, 2 Charles Smith
 West Looe, 2 James Buller, 2 Thomas Smith
 Westminster, Hon. C. J. Fox, Lord Gardner
 Westmoreland, Sir R. Le Fleming, James Lowther
 Weymouth, Sir J. Pulteney, Gabriel T. Steward
 Whitchurch, Hon. W. Broderick, Hon. W. A.
 Townsend
 Wigan, 1 Robert Holt Leigh, 1 John Hodson
 Wilton, Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, John Spencer
 Wiltshire, Amb. Goddard, Henry P. Wyndham
 Winchester City, 2 Sir H. Mildmay, Sir R. Gamon
 Winchelsea, 1 Robert Ladbroke, 1 Wm. Moffatt
 Windsor, Hon. Rob. F. Greville, 1 John Williams
 Woodstock, Sir Henry Dashwood, 2 Right Hon.
 C. Abbott
 Wootton Bassett, 1 Hon. Henry St. John, 1 R. Wil-
 liams, jun.
 Worcestershire, Hon. Edward Foley, Wm. Lygon
 Worcester City, Abraham Roberts, 1 Joseph Scott
 Chipping Wycombe, Sir J. D. King, 2 Sir Fran-
 cis Baring
 Yarmouth (Hampshire) J. C. Jervoise, 1 James Pat.
 Murray

Yarmouth (Norfolk) 1 Sir Thomas Trowbridge,
1 T. Jervis
Yorkshire, W. Wilberforce, Hon. Henry Lascelles
York, 2 Hon. Law. Dundas, Sir Wm. M. Milner.

SCOTLAND—COUNTIES.

Aberdeenshire, James Ferguson
Ayrshire, Colonel Wm. Fullarton
Argyleshire, Lord J. D. E. H. Campbell
Bamffshire, Right Hon. Sir W. Grant
Berwickshire, George Baillie
Buteshire & Caithness, 2 Sir John Sinclair
Clackmananshire and Kinross, 1 W. Douglas
M'Lean Clephane
Dumbartonshire, James Colquhoun, jun.
Dumfriesshire, Sir Robert Lawrie
Edinburghshire, Robert Dundas
Elginshire, James Brodie
Fifehire, Sir William Erskine
Forfarshire, Sir David Carnegie
Haddingtonshire, Hon. Col. Charles Hope
Invernesshire, 1 Charles Grant
Kincardineshire, Sir John Stuart
Kirkcudbright Stewartry, Patrick Heron
Lanarkshire, 1 Lord A. Hamilton
Linlithgowshire, Hon. Charles Alexander Hope
Nairnshire & Cromarty, 1 Gen. Alex. M'Kenzie
Orkney and Shetland, Capt. Robert Honyman
Perthshire, Col. Thomas Graham
Renfrewshire, 2 William M'Dowall
Rosshire, Sir Charles Ross
Roxburghshire, Sir George Douglas
Selkirkshire, 1 John Rutherford
Sterlingshire, 1 Capt. Charles Elphinstone
Sutherlandshire, 2 Right Hon. W. Dundas
Tweedaleshire, James Montgomery
Wigtownshire, 1 Andrew M'Dowall

ROYAL BURGHS.

Aberdeen, Aberbrothock, Montrose, Brechin,
 1 James Farquhar
 Craill, Kilrenny, Anstruther-Easter, Pittenween,
 and Anstruther-Wester, General A. Campbell
 Culross, Dumferline, Inverskeithing, Queen's-Fer-
 ry, and Sterling, 1 Sir J. Henderson, 1 Alexander
 Cochrane (double return)
 Cupar, Perth, Dundee, St. Andrew, and Forfar,
 David Scott
 Dumbarton, Rutherglen, and Glasgow, 1 Alexan-
 der Houston
 Dumfries, Sanquhar, Kircudbright, Lochmaben,
 and Annan, Hon. Charles Hope
 Edinburgh City, Right Hon. Henry Dundas
 Inverness, Nairn, Forres, and Fortrose, 1 A. P. C.
 Gordon
 Irvine, Air, Rothesay, Inverary, and Cambletown,
 J. Campbell
 Kintore, Bamff, Cullen, Elgin, &c. 1 Col. Francis
 W. Grant
 Kirkwall, Tain, Dingwell, &c. 2 John C. Villiers
 Kinghorn, Kirkaldy, Bruntisland, 1 Sir J. St. Clair
 Erskine
 Lauder, Haddington, Dunbar, North Berwick, and
 Jedburgh, Hon. Thomas Maitland
 Selkirk, Lanark, Peebles, and Limboow, 1 Col.
 W. Dickson
 Stranrawer, Wigtown, Whitehorn, &c. 1 John S.
 Fleeming

IRELAND.

Antrim County, 1 Honorable J. O. Neil, E. A.
 M'Naghten
 Armagh County, Hon. A. Acheson, 1 Hon. H.
 Caulfield
 Armagh Town Patrick Duigenan

Athlone, William Handcock
 Bandon Bridge, Sir Broderick Chinnery
 Belfast, Edward May
 Carrickfergus, 1 Lord Spencer Chichester
 Cashel, 2 Right Hon. W. Wickham
 Carlow County, 1 D. Latouche, jun. 1 W. Bagenal
 Carlow Town, C. Montague Ormsby
 Cavan County, Nath. Sneyd, Francis Saunderson
 Clare County, 1 Sir E. O'Brien, Hon. F. N. Burton
 Clonmell, William Bagwell,
 Cork County, Lord Boyle, R. U. Fitzgerald
 Cork City, M. Longfield, Hon. C. H. Hutchinson
 Coleraine, 1 Walter Jones
 Donegall County, Lord Sudley, 1 Sir James Stewart
 Down County, Lord Castlereagh, Francis Savage
 Downpatrick, 1 Counsellor Haythorn
 Drogheda, Edward Hardman
 Dublin County, Hans Hamilton, Fred. J. Faulkener
 Dublin City, J. C. Beresford, 1 J. Latouche, jun.
 Dublin College, Hon. George Knox
 Dundalk, 2 Richard Archdall,
 Dungannon, 1 Hon. John Knox
 Dungarvon, 1 William Green
 Ennis, 1 James Fitzgerald
 Enniskillen, Hon. A. Cole Hamilton
 Fermanagh County, Lord Cole, 1 M. Archdall, jun.
 Galway County, Hon. R. Trench, Richard Martin
 Galway Town, J. Brabazon Ponsonby
 Kerry County, Maurice Fitzgerald, James Crosbie
 Kildare County, 1 Lord R. Fitzgerald, 1 Robert
 Latouche
 Kilkenny County, Right Hon. W. B. Ponsonby,
 Hon. J. Butler
 Kilkenny City, 1 Hon. Charles Butler
 King's County, Sir Law. Parsons, 1 Tho. Bernard
 Kinsale, William Rowley
 Leitrim County, Lord Clements, 1 Peter Latouche,
 jun.

Limerick County, 1C. S. Oliver, W. Odell
 Limerick City, 1Charles Vereker
 Lisburn, 2Earl of Yarmouth
 Londonderry County, 1Lord G. Beresford, Hon.
 C. W. Stuart
 Londonderry City, 2Sir G. Fitzgerald Hill
 Longford County, 1 Hon. T. Newcomen, Sir T.
 Featherstone
 Louth County, Right Hon. J. Foster, W. C. For-
 rescue
 Mallow, 1Denham Jephson
 Mayo County, 2Hon. H. A. Dillon, Hon. D.
 Browne
 Meath County, Sir Marcus Somerville, 1T. Bligh
 Monaghan County, Richard Dawson, C. P. Leslie
 Newry, 2Right Hon. Isaac Corry
 Portarlington, 1Henry Parnell
 Queen's County, Hon. W. W. Pole, 1Sir E. Coote
 Roscommon County, 1Hon. Ed. King, A. French
 Ross (New), Charles Tottenham, jun.
 Sligo County, Charles O'Hara, J. E. Cowper
 Sligo Town, Owen Wynne
 Tipperary County, Lord F. Mathew, J. Bagwell
 Tralee, 2Right Hon. George Canning
 Tyrone County, Jas. Stewart, Rt. Hon. J. Stewart
 Waterford County, Rt. Hon. J. Beresford, 1E. Lee
 Waterford City, John Congreve Alcock
 Westmeath County, G. Hume Rochfort, W. Smith
 Wexford County Lord Loftus, Abel Ram
 Wexford Town 1R. Neville
 Wicklow County, W. H. Hume, Geo. Pomsonby
 Youghall, Sir John Keane.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

Gentlemen,

AS you were pleased to insert, in the last number of your valuable miscellany, my *Reflections*, suggested by the late *Kentish Election*, at Penenden-heath, near Maidstone, I shall thank you to introduce the following paragraph respecting the *Antiquity of Parliaments*.

In the *Reflections* I have said, "the antiquity of parliaments is considerable, and their deliberations constitute a distinguished trait in the page of British history." An extract from Blackstone will illustrate and confirm the declaration.

This illustrious lawyer remarks, "The word *Parliament* itself is comparatively of modern date, derived from the French, and signifying an assembly that met and conferred together. It was first applied to general assemblies of the states, under Louis VII. in France, about the middle of the 12th century. With us, in England, this general council hath been held immemorially under the several names of *Michel-synoth*, or great Council—*Michel-gemote*, or great Meeting; and more frequently *Wittenagemote*, or the Meeting of Wise Men. We have instances of its meeting so early as the reign of Ina, king of the West Saxons; Offa, king of the Mercians; and Ethelbert, king of Kent, in the several realms of the Heptarchy. And, after their union, the Mirror informs us,

that King Alfred ordained, for a perpetual usage, that these councils should meet twice in the year, or oftener, if need be, to treat of the government of God's people; how they should keep themselves from sin, should live in quiet, and should receive right. Hence it indisputably appears, that *Parliaments*, or general councils, are coeval with the kingdom itself. The constitution of parliament, as it now stands, was marked out so long ago as the seventeenth year of King John, A. D. 1215, in the great charter granted by that prince, wherein he promises to summon all archbishops, bishops abbots, earls and greater barons, personally; and all other tenants in chief, under the crown, by the sheriffs and bailiffs, to meet at a certain place, with forty days notice, to assess aids and scrutages, when necessary. And this constitution hath subsisted, in fact, at least from the year 1266—49 Henry III. there being still extant writs of that date, to summon knights, citizens, and burgesses in parliament."

I remain, your's,

Islington,
Sept. 9, 1802.

JOHN EVANS.

The Female Mentor.

NO. 4.

FRIENDSHIPS AND AMUSEMENTS.

Reserve will wound it, and *distrust* destroy,
And *this* makes friends such rarities below!

Mark how the world, its veterans reward—
A *youth* of follies, an *old age* of cares:
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, *old* without a friend!

IT has been generally thought that those friendships which we form in the early stages of youth are more durable, and less impregnated with self-interest, than those we enter into in our more mature years. Several reasons may be given in support of this opinion, and one is particularly striking—that is the natural candor and sincerity of youth, which seizes with avidity every object most pleasing to it, generally selecting, as if by some intuitive quality, what is most similar to itself. These having, perhaps, for the term of childhood, shared the same pursuits, occupied nearly the same stations, and sought the same enjoyments, become at length so firmly united, that nothing but death can entirely dissolve, though many things may occur to suspend, the tie of endearment.

It is not so with those attachments which interest, vanity, or convenience lead us to form at a more advanced period of life. Nothing is

more frequently talked of than friendship, and few terms are less understood, all hearts being incapable of feeling this refined sentiment, nor all situations congenial to its growth. It requires a parity of sentiment, manners, and rank for its basis. Nothing can be more fragile than its texture : of all the nice ties which constitute the happiness or misery of life, it is the most delicate ; wealth cannot purchase it, nor munificence insure its permanence. The great, from a variety of causes, such as envy at their exalted stations, and rancor and jealousy at their superiority, &c. &c. seldom enjoy the blessing of sincere and lasting friendship. Vanity, emulation, and ambition destroy it among equals ; and the supercilious condescension with which superiors sometimes deign to affect friendships for those in inferior stations, strikes at the very stamina of the sentiment.

It is seldom that the same degree of intimacy subsists between young women after as there was before marriage, though there may be no diminution of friendship on either side : nor is it necessary there should be this intimacy—for very great female friendships sometimes occasion bickerings and jealousies in married life ; besides, the pursuits and amusements of a single woman and of a wife are very different—the one may pursue pleasure within the bounds of moderation, but the other should only, or at least with very few exceptions, find it in the circle of domestic enjoyments : the one may form intimacies and seek friendships ; the other should have but *one friend*—the husband

of her heart. I do not, by these observations, mean to exclude my fair readers from the kind of intercourse that is now generally received by the world under the name of friendship, though it extends no further than liking or esteem ; but even this requires much caution in the selection of its objects. As the conduct of a woman is mostly estimated by the characters of those with whom she associates, she should be careful to chuse those only for intimates whose soundness of head and whose goodness of heart will bear the strictest enquiry.

In this age of refinement it may not be thought necessary to enlarge much on the subject of amusements. Those in elevated stations have scarce time to run the giddy maze, so various and extensive are the claims of fashion. Among *them* it is much to be regretted, that in spite of admonition and experience, too many plunge into dissipation, and end the career of folly at that dreadful vortex, a gaming table, where every virtue is absorbed, every feeling palsied, except such as are kept alive by the destructive avarice of play. How many women resign themselves to its baneful influence, who might have been faithful wives, tender mothers, and sincere friends ! To those females in a less elevated station, gaming seldom appears in a dangerous form ; they are not exposed to the temptations of playing either deep or frequent, therefore may safely indulge in a harmless game at cards, provided they never stake more than they can afford to lose

without losing their temper also ; though there certainly are many better methods of spending time.

For instance, our time is much better spent in conversation with lively and intelligent people ; and where that cannot be obtained, in reading books of instruction and amusement, or in teaching the rising race the solid precepts of piety and virtue. Persons who have been genteelly educated may apply to various resources, to prevent the tediousness of time, and lessen the influence of *ennui* ; independent of the variety of fancy works which are now taught in our schools, they have the elegant arts of music and drawing to amuse them in their hours of leisure and retirement. To such as Providence has placed in the middle classes of society, *their* stations clearly point out the nature of their employments, in which, if well disposed, they will never fail to find entertainment. The duties of domestic life, to women in this station, are full of bustle and employment, and if properly performed, they leave a satisfaction on the mind the most enviable, springing solely from the conviction of having fulfilled every duty of their stations, and merit, by that means, the gratitude and affection of their families.—I shall close these remarks with the advice of the poet before quoted :—

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great—
A woman's noblest station is retreat,
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

(Continued from last volume, page 355.)

Wednesday.

MY morning's ramble was productive of infinite satisfaction. We walked over the Stock Hills, which command an extensive and rich prospect. I was cruel enough to go a shooting the harmless swallows—I say cruel, for the act itself is so, independent of every motive that gives rise to the act. In the evening, to the play: we had the *Days of Yore* represented to us. This play is taken from that period of our history when Alfred the Great so gloriously enriched our country with knowledge, justice, and integrity. Alfred's name is endearing to posterity. *Peyrouse* was the entertainment. This story, though pregnant with inconsistency, is nevertheless an interesting spectacle, and cannot but impress the mind with considerable instruction. Of the players themselves I may hereafter have occasion to speak, so I will proceed on my Thursday's detail.

The morning wet—disappointed; from what cause? a wet morning. O, poor creature, man! how wondrous art thou to repine!—In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. C——, two gentlemen, and myself, sallied out on a fishing party. Fishing is to me an agreeable pastime—it is an

amusement of which we can partake, and partake likewise, at the same time, of those mental recreations which so delightfully animate to virtue.

I had just entered the town, and was thinking me of how different an aspect were the streets here to those in London, so far as related to poor imprudent girls—not one to be seen. I was pleasing myself with this conviction, when a smart girl came forward and accosted me: ah, said I, am I then deceived! I looked at the wench—poor wanderer, I had seen her before in Fleet-street. And art thou then in Ipswich? said I. She would have fain claimed acquaintance with me; I had other thoughts at that moment—must I give a loose to those thoughts? I had seen the unfortunate girl in Fleet-street!—Heavens, what an association of ideas! “Wake but one,” and others wave their magic banners: I am now in that overgrown city—I picture the theatres, and every other source of vanity or indolence—and do women, whose beauty and acquirements—O God!—do they become the willing offering of an unwilling shame! I had almost cursed them for their folly—but rather ought I to curse perfidious man—by deceitful man is many an innocent damsel bereft of her virtue, of her happiness, in fine, of every thing dear to the dearest ties of affection—truth and integrity.

Friday.

Rose betimes, and set sail to Harwich. The prospects, on our passage down the Orwell, are

numerous, picturesque, and unusually fine : in fact, the hanging wood, fine seats, well planned parks, and richly cultivated fields, present a compleat garden.

On approaching Harwich, I was much pleased with the towering masts which so chequeredly rose from the briny deep. There is something peculiarly engaging in a well formed harbour, or rather in the tapering forest which waving rests on its bosom. The harbour, or road, at Harwich seems a safe one ; the town itself is at best a straggling kind of place, with few inhabitants, and still fewer curiosities. There are, however, some pleasant walks on the peninsula ; but even these ornaments will be of short duration, for Neptune grasps them as his empire, and perhaps a century more may bury Harwich in the deep.

In the days of my infancy, I had often mused me on the calm or ruffled surface of the ocean ; and whilst I again walked on the beach, these boyish wanderings burst in upon my mind with a kind of enthusiastic thrill. Ah ! said I, these childish musings are no more ; and even am I at this moment far distant from the shore on which these boyish schemes of happiness so delightfully transported me. How still is the prospect before me—scarce one zephyr curls the deep ; the distant sails are set in vain, and not a rolling wave heaves along the shore. But mark how soon the scene is altered—the breeze wafts an undulating pressure, and the vessel rides beautifully along—striking emblem of the chequered scenes of life !—Again, the boat in

which we were passengers left the harbour, and soon were we in the bosom of the river. Our captain was a most eccentric genius, a humorous old fellow, and withal a good seaman. I dubbed him commodore of those seas. Our fellow-passengers, a lady, her daughter, a young gentleman, and two or three others. Surely, said I, this accomplished daughter of Eve, where'er she roves, is an endearing companion: by a pleasing demeanor the damsel gave a confirmation to this opinion. Nature had been kind to the fair one; education too had lent her aid—society, its polish—and study, a discernment at once striking and communicative. Blame me not then, my good friend, when I confess to you, that curiosity bade me discover who and from whence this young lady came—perchance I may before I leave, said I; when I found my enquiries and suggestions as quickly repulsed. The passage home proved exceeding delightful. As we were wafted along, my attention was equally attracted by the fair passenger, the verdant banks, and the different seats which adorn the rural spot. On the right, Mr. Brooke's (who lately died lamented), and Lord Beverly's; on the left, Mr. Berner's and Sir Robert Harland's, with a variety of other striking objects.

Saturday.

And is this, said I, a recurrence of the same day? as I passed a venerable old countryman; it is—but not of the same pursuits. How fleeting is time! looking at the venerable sire's

grey hairs—how diversified our existence ! said I, as I met an officer of dragoons ; why then are we apt to consider time of too long duration, and our wandering through life, as a mere necessary probation. My morning's ramble was distinguished by a diverting conversation with a fellow-traveller, and a desirable discovery.

I have already pictured to you a pretty female with whom we came up from Harwich ; I do not know why, I was anxious to know who and from whence this accomplished damsel came—did I feel this curiosity from a mere motive of curiosity ; or did I feel it from a worse motive or a more exalted motive than the common motives of an imitative world ? Suffice it, my good friend, that I experienced a curiosity, an anxiety, or whatever else you may please to term it ; suffice it likewise that this anxiety was dispelled by a discovery—the damsel was kind, but her kindness arose from a generous impulse of friendship, mixed with a generous principle of modesty—and should I ever again chance, in my wanderings, to meet the dear lady, would you blame me were I to commend her for her beauty or her goodness ? And methinks I may again see her ; if in diamonds I may know, I will esteem her ; if in the garb of humility I will know her, I will regard her with friendship and respect.

Sunday.

Accompanied my good friend and his lady to Lavington, where we dined with an opulent farmer. These are not old times, said I, as we

sat around a table well stored with dainties. Few men, however, deserve better of their country than do the farmers, nor administer their beneficence with more real friendship and hilarity.

I found the glass move too quick for my judgment, so I ordered my horse with an intention of riding somewhere across the country. I soon found myself within a few miles of Languardfort, and resolved to find my way thither, if possible. Well, Sir, I sallied on with redoubled pace, fancying myself in a direct line; to my mortification, it proved that a direct line was the very line I should in this instance have avoided. Never mind, said I—then reconnoitred the fortification—imagined myself another Don Quixotte; asked some lads whom I fell in with, if I could ride down the sand to the fort; was told I might walk; then, said I, I will ride—so off I set. But hush—my career was soon damped by an intervening creek; from this cursed quicksand I disentangled myself—but, alas; I soon got more immersed in disaster, for the poor animal came down with me; and I really thought the succulent clay must have kept us there. Once more disentangled, I proceeded forward as well as I could dismounted; but, to increase my sorrow and add to my mishap, the tide set in rapidly. With *terra firma* I had some chance in resistance, but with the tide I had none—I therefore retreated from it; and being now elated with the nature of my prowess, and the prospect of a speedy deliverance from all my woes, I pushed forward with redoubled energy.

and at length got me on a firm foundation.— Being now out of imminent danger, I looked around me with composure, and really could not help smiling at the singular appearance my Rosinante and I put on, compleatly besmeared with mud: Sorrowful wretches! said I—and then was grateful. On my arrival at the fort, I was met by a party of boys, who came running to me, and roused my risibility by asking me if I had swam across from Harwich!—so unaccustomed were they to see strangers enter as I did, and in the direction I came from. After taking a survey of the fort, and getting myself and hobby in the best possible trim again, I returned to Nacton in time to join the friendly groupe, who immediately conjectured that some sad disaster had befallen me. I related to them my adventure, or, in truth, disadvantage; we then proceeded to Ipswich. In Nacton church-yard, a monument to the memory of Admiral Vernon was pointed out to me. Memory painted this gallant leader stationed with his veterans before Portobello, and friendship, or a more than friendship, for the muse, bade me retrace Thomson's beautiful and feeling lines on the occasion.

On a retrospect of this day's adventures, I felt a disposition to moralize on our various pursuits, engagements, and passions. Prosperity, said I, is more to be feared than adversity; and the man who is wise in prosperity, is indeed worthy of universal admiration. Prosperity and adversity are in themselves no otherwise to be dreaded or desired but as they tend

to actuate our conduct. The man who can bravely smile at misfortune is, in truth, said I, a valuable being; but more valuable is he whose heart is ever alive to charity, ever ready to assist the unfortunate. Misconduct and misfortune are, say the stoics, too frequently combined. Separate them, ye profound in learning—do establish a due line, say I.

I like not the man who ever and anon rails at the frailties of human nature, nor he either who can gild every frailty with palliation: man is, I trust, too good to be totally condemned, and too apt to err to be praised without reserve.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REMARKABLE INSTANCE

OF THE

PROPENSITY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE TO MIRTH.

UNDER whatever misfortunes the French may labour, whether temporary or not, it is generally observed that *music* in particular hath sufficient charms to sooth their cares, and lull the heavy heart to rest. A more convincing proof of the verity of this observation we cannot produce than the following:—

Some few years ago, Mons. de la T. the representative of an ancient family in Brittany, had attended the French princes on their emigration from France, at the commencement of the revolution. His estates were in consequence early confiscated; and his exile was

embittered by hearing of the calamities of his family, several of whom fell victims to the guillotine. Monsieur de la T. attached himself to the Prince of Condé's army, and was engaged in several warm but undecisive actions on the French frontier. Chagrined at last with the hardships and fatigues of a fruitless contest, where valour had no prospect of seeing its efforts crowned with success, and where a precarious pay scarcely afforded him the means of subsistence, the Comte de la T. at length left the army, and sought an asylum in England, which had already afforded liberal protection to so many of his countrymen.

Finding London already overstocked with his destitute countrymen, he resolved to make a tour of the island; and for that purpose procured letters of introduction to several gentlemen in various parts of the country. After having made a long journey one day on foot, in very deep roads, and during an inclement season, he arrived in the evening at the house of a gentleman, to whom he carried a letter of introduction. The gentleman received him with that cordial hospitality which is the distinguishing characteristic of a British country gentleman. M. de la T.'s host happened that evening to have a party at his house; and finding his new guest in dishabille, he carried him to his wardrobe, and provided him with dry clothes and shoes. The kind reception he met with from the gentleman and his friends, soon made the Frenchman forget the fatigues and hardships of the day, and break forth into his

natural vivacity and good humour. After dinner, when the company were all collected in the drawing-room, the comte began to gratify their curiosity by a recital of his adventures. He dwelt on his former affluence, his loyalty to his king, the miseries he had undergone during exile, and the many dangers he had escaped.

His narration was interspersed with several interesting anecdotes of the unfortunate Louis during his confinement, and concluded with a pathetic description of the ruin of his own family.—Tears prevented him from proceeding: the whole company sympathised with him. One young lady, quite overpowered by her emotions, retired to the further end of the room, and threw herself down on a chair by a harpsichord. Her fingers instinctively slid to the keys, and she touched one of them slightly, as if to divert her attention—it was the mere undesigned impulse of feeling. But no sooner did the vibration reach the Frenchman's ear than he started up, exclaiming, "Ah, Madame! me entreat you favor me wid de Scotch reel—me love de Scotch reel above all tings." The astonished company were at a loss whether to cry or laugh, when they saw their traveller, whose misfortunes still wet their eyes, preparing in earnest for the dance, by throwing off the shoes which his host had given him, and which were too large to admit of proper agility in a caper!

ARGUMENTS

TO PROVE

The Extreme of Riches more detrimental to moral Principle, and productive of more fatal Effects, than Poverty.

THE extremes of riches and poverty are frequently productive of injurious effects; but the former is indubitably the most prejudicial to moral principle--pride and avarice being the offspring of prosperity, while humility, patience, and benevolence are those of adversity.

The generality of mankind are accustomed to pay obeisance at the shrine of Plutus, while the poor individual is unregarded. When the prosperous man beholds the respect given him, vanity, that frequent spot on the human heart, occasions his concluding the veneration due to merit. Dazzled with the sunshine of prosperity, he oft times thinks not from whom all blessings flow, but proudly imagines that he is superior to those personages who have experienced the shafts of adversity. Avarice next succeeds, and then adieu to charity, benevolence, and the finer feelings of the soul.

Let adversity's more favorable effects now be viewed. It teaches us not to have too great an affection for those wordly baubles which actuate frivolous minds, but cannot prevent affliction overwhelming the possessor.

It proves how little dependance should be placed on fortune, whose wheels, at one circumvolution, may dash the unthinking mortal from the pinnacle to the bottom. Afflictions meliorate the heart, and render it susceptible of compassion for those who have experienced similar misfortunes.

It is true, the poor man cannot relieve their pecuniary distresses; but the sincere wish of a benevolent heart to assist a fellow-sufferer is more praiseworthy than a gift proceeding from ostentatious motives; for it may be remembered, that our Saviour preferred the widow's mite to the costly offerings of richer persons.

The misfortunes we endure in this world likewise teach us to place our hopes of happiness on a future state; by patience and a virtuous course of life, to deserve immortal honors.

Such are the advantages of adversity. In respect to the opinion sometimes entertained of poverty giving rise to envy, and occasioning theft, the perusal of ancient as well as modern biography will ascertain fewer in prosperous circumstances to have been devoid of the pernicious passions, ostentation and arrogance, than that the poor have been susceptible of envy, and not preserved their integrity. This a Phocion's, a Socrates', an Epaminondas', and a Cincinnatus' conduct avers; while an Alexander, a Demetrius, a Lysander, and a Xerxes possessed the vices incident to prosperity. As an example of riches' baneful effects, a Wolsey might be quoted

from the English history ; and sacred writings afford a striking instance in Nebuchadnezzar.

Adverse fortune has another advantage, which is, that it tends to strengthen the mind, while prosperity enervates it—for, according to a celebrated poet——

“ In adversity

The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest ;
But in success, dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.”

Russell Place.

A MEDITATOR.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF THEBES.

From Kendal's Translation of Denon's Travels in
Upper and Lower Egypt.

(See our Review.)

THEBES, of which Homer has painted the extent in a single word, the *hundred-gated* Thebes, a poetic and empty expression, confidently repeated through a series of ages. Described in a few pages dictated to Herodotus by the Egyptian priests, and copied ever since by all other historians ; celebrated for a succession of kings whose wisdom has placed them in the rank of gods, for laws which were revered without being understood, for sciences confined to pompous and enigmatic inscriptions (those learned and earliest monuments of the arts, which time itself has forborne to injure) ; this abandoned sanctuary, insulated by barbarism, and returned to the desert whence it was con-

quered; this city, in a word, perpetually wrapped in that veil of mystery by which even colossuses are magnified. This exiled city, which the mind no longer discovers but through the mists of time, was still a phantom so gigantic to our imagination, that the army, at the sight of its scattered ruins, halted of itself, and by one spontaneous impulse, grounded its arms, as if the possession of the remains of this capital had been the object of its glorious labours, had completed the conquest of the Egyptian territory.

The situation of Thebes is as beautiful as fancy can conceive it; the extent of its ruins leave no doubt that it was as vast as its renown has represented: the width of Egypt not being sufficient to contain it, it has rested its extremities on the two chains of mountains by which it is bordered, and its tombs fill the valley to the west, far into the desert.

Four little towns divide the relics of the edifices of Thebes, and the river, by the meanderings of its course, would seem to be proud of flowing amidst its ruins.

Between twelve and one o'clock the French arrived in a desert which was the burying-ground: the rock, cut on its inclined plane, presented, on three sides of a square, regular apertures behind which double and treble galleries and chambers have served for sepulchres. Denon and Desaix entered this place on horseback, believing that it could only be an asylum of peace and silence; but they had scarcely committed themselves to the darkness of the

galleries before they were assailed with javelins and stones by enemies whom they could not discover: an end was thus put to their observations; and they afterwards learned that these obscure retreats were inhabited by a considerable population, being part of the people of Kûrnû, in company with their flocks; that, contracting, apparently from their abodes, ferocious habits, they were almost always in rebellion against authority, and were become the terror of the neighbourhood: too much in haste to form a more ample acquaintance with these people, they fled with precipitation; and, for this time, they saw Thebes only as they galloped.

It would have been interesting to examine these tombs more particularly, but when the French returned to it a second time they were fired upon; on a third occasion, they came in actual hostility to the neighbourhood; and when tranquillity was restored, they forbore to risk its disturbance by the attempt.

M. Denon complains that it was his lot to sojourn for months at Zaoyëh, at Benésûef, and at Djirjeh, and to pass without stopping at the places of which he came in search. A moment after leaving the field of the dead, he reached a temple, which, from its dilapidations, its decided tint of decay, the inferiority of its execution, the excessive simplicity of its ornaments, the irregularity of its lines and dimensions, and the rudeness of its sculpture, he judged to be of the highest antiquity. He made a sketch of this building, and then, gal-

lopping after the troops, which had continued on their march, he arrived at a second edifice much more considerable than the former, and in much better preservation. On the road, he saw the statue of black granite; he uses the term *granite* till it shall be decided what the substance is which has long been called basalt, and of which are formed the magnificent Egyptian lions which are at the feet of the stairs of the capitol.

This second edifice is that which it is agreed to call the Memnonium. It lies east and west, and reaches to the foot of the Libyan chain. At its entrance, two square moles flank an immense gateway: on the wall of the interior are sculptured in two low reliefs the victorious battles of an hero; their sculpture is of the most crude composition, destitute of perspective, design, and distribution, and similar to all other first conceptions of the human mind, which always proceeds by the same steps. M. Denon has seen at Pompeia some designs by the Roman soldiers on the stucco of the walls; and those made by every child who attempts to represent his first ideas, before he has seen, compared, and reflected. In these sculptures, the hero is gigantic, and the enemies with whom he fights are five-and-twenty times smaller than himself: if this was among the first essays of the arts in flattery, it was flattery very falsely understood, since it must have been shameful for the hero to fight with pygmies.

At some paces from this gateway are the remains of a vast colossus; it has been mis-

chievously broken, for the scattered parts have so completely preserved their polish, and the fractures their edges, that it is evident that if the devastating spirit of man had suffered him to leave to time alone the charge of ruining this monument, we should still enjoy it in its state of completion. To give an idea of its magnitude, it will be sufficient to observe that the width of its shoulders is twenty-five feet, which gives nearly seventy-five for its height; exact in its proportions, the style is middling, but the execution perfect: in its descent, it has fallen on its face; and thus this interesting part is prevented from being seen: the head-dress being broken, it cannot be ascertained whether it was the figure of a king or of a divinity: was it the statue of Memnon or of Ossimandue?—The descriptions hitherto given, compared with the monuments themselves, throw more confusion into our ideas than they enlighten them. If this statue were that of Memnon, which is the more probable idea, all the travellers of the preceding two thousand years have been deceived in the object of curiosity, as is seen by the inscription of their names on another colossus shortly to be mentioned.

There remains a foot of this first statue, detached and in good preservation, very well adapted for carriage, and which would supply Europe with a scale of comparison for monuments of this kind. The enclosure within which this figure stood was either a temple or a palace, or perhaps both at once; for if the low-relief correspond with the palace of a so-

vereign, eight figures of priests before two porticoes agree, also, with a temple, unless indeed this group were placed to remind the sovereign that, conformably with the laws, the priests were always to serve and assist his dignity. To conclude, this ruin, seated on a declivity of a mountain, and never having been inhabited in latter times, is so well preserved, in all its parts yet standing, that it has less the look of a ruin than of an edifice which has been building, and of which the works have been suspended: there are several columns visible to their bases; the proportions are grand; but the style, though purer than that of the first temple, is nevertheless not to be compared with that of Tintyra, either for the majesty of the whole, or for the execution of the parts. It would require time and reflection to form an idea of the plan of this edifice, and it was now necessary to leave it at full gallop.

The French were attracted into the plain by the sight of two large figures, between which, according to the descriptions of Herodotus, Strabo, and those who have copied these writers, was the famous statue of Ossimandue, the tallest of all the colossuses: Ossimandue himself was so vain of the execution of this bold undertaking, that, on the pedestal of the figure, he caused an inscription to be engraved in which he challenged the power of man to attempt a monument like that of his tomb, of which the pompous description appears to M. Denon to be but a fantastic dream. The two statues still remaining are doubtlessly those of the

mother and son of this prince, of whom Herodotus makes mention; that of the king has disappeared; time and envy having eagerly disputed its destruction, there exists only a formless rock of granite; it requires the persisting eye of an accustomed observer to distinguish some parts of this figure escaped from destruction, and, when found, they are so insignificant that they cannot give any idea of its dimension: the two which are still existing are fifty-five feet in height; they are seated, with their hands on their knees: what remains affords sufficient testimony that the style was as rugged as the attitude is incorrect. The low reliefs and little figures which compose the chair of the southernmost figure are not wanting, however, either in grace or delicacy of execution. It is on the leg of the northernmost (which it has been agreed to call that of Memnon) that are written in Greek characters the names of the antient and illustrious travellers who have come to hear the sounds of this statue.* It is here that we may receive conviction of the dominion of celebrity over the mind of man, since, in the

* It was said that the statue of Memnon emitted certain musical sounds at the rising of the sun. Some have attempted, but probably upon insufficient grounds, to account for these sounds, as being produced by the action of the sun-beams on the pores of the basalt, or metallic stone, of which, according to them, the statue is formed.

age when the antient government of Egypt and the jealousy of the priests ceased to forbid strangers to approach these monuments, the love of the marvellous still prevailed over the minds of those who came to visit them; since in the age of Adrian, enlightened by the rays of philosophy, Sabina, the wife of that emperor, and herself literate, sought, together with learned men who accompanied her, to hear those sounds which no cause, physical or political, could any longer produce.

The figures are each formed of a single block; they are placed upon elevated ground, and may be seen at the distance of ten miles. In the morning, their shadows stretch across the plain, and lie on the sides of the Libyan mountains.

M. Denon had scarcely begun to make drawings of these figures when he perceived that he was left alone with his magnificent originals; alarmed at his situation, he hastened after his curious companions, who had already reached a large temple, near the village of Medinet-Abû. In passing, he observed that the site of the tomb of Ossimandue was cultivated, and that, consequently, the inundation came thus far—a proof, either that the bed of the Nile has risen, or that antiently there was some quay or bank to prevent the river from overflowing this part of the city, which, at the time the French passed it, was a large field of very green wheat, promising an abundant harvest.

To the right of, and adjoining the village of Medinet-Abû, at the foot of the mountain, is a small palace united with a vast temple built and enlarged at various epochs. All that could be discovered by an hasty review, made on horseback, was that the back of the palace, which lies on the mountain, was covered with hieroglyphics, very deeply cut, and without any relief; that christianity, in the fourteenth century, employed the temple for a church, adding two ranks of columns, in the style of the times for the support of a roof. The palace is the only edifice remaining that was not built for a temple, and even this adjoins a temple. It has a raised story, square windows, small doors, a stair-case, and balconies. On one side are fabrics reconstructed with more antient materials, before which are a skreen and court which have never been completed. This palace is as solidly constructed as the sacred edifices, and equally covered with low reliefs.



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THIS theatre commenced its season on Monday, September 13, with the comedy of *Folly as it flies*, and the musical romance of *Rosina*.

Among the performers who enjoyed the greatest portion of public congratulation on their appearance were Messrs. Lewis, Munden, Knight, H. Johnstone, Fawcett, Townsend, and Hill.

In the front of the theatre several judicious alterations and improvements have been made, and though not of any considerable importance, they contribute greatly to the elegance and

lightness of the general effect. The two principal tiers of boxes on the stage are now embellished with silver instead of gold ornaments. The lattice work in the prince's box, after this mode, is happily contrived, and ingeniously executed, while the bases of the pillars supporting the frontispiece are contracted so as to give more breadth to the stage, and more expansion and grandeur to the *coup d'œil*. Mr. Harris has also, we hear, with that attention which has ever distinguished him in providing suitable accommodations for the royal family, caused some neat improvements to be made in the box and suit of apartments appropriated to their majesties.

Of the new engagements made by Mr. Harris (who seems determined, by his liberality, to maintain that high rank in the public estimation which has so long distinguished his management) are Miss Waddy, the daughter of the respectable comedian of this house; Miss Reeves, the daughter of Mr. Reeves, the composer; and Miss Marriott, who has for some time been a great favorite on the boards of some of our provincial theatres.

Among the new pieces which are forthcoming at this theatre are, the *Egyptian Boy*, a drama, by Mrs. Inchbald, founded, like Mr. Boaden's last successful piece, on the Judgment of Solomon; a comedy by Mr. Reynolds; a grand pantomime, which is already in actual preparation; and a comic opera, the composition of Mr. Dibdin, jun. in which the science and taste of Braham and Storace are again to be brought

forward, and strengthened, we trust, by the manly and melodious strains of Incedon.

DRURY-LANE.

THE season commenced at this theatre on Thursday, the 16th, with the *Inconstant*, and *Of Age To-morrow*, and a very numerous audience attended the excellent performance of Mrs. Jordan, in *Bisarre*. She was greeted on her entrance with enthusiastic acclamation, and displayed all that versatility and original humour that have raised her in this line to the summit of the art.

Although the theatre has lost for a few months the talents and judgment of Mr. Kemble, who is still at Paris, it is, we understand, to be conducted with great spirit. The whole of the direction is to be confided to a committee of five gentlemen of acknowledged abilities in the dramatic department, and Mr. Bannister is to be the acting manager. Mr. Cherry, a comic actor of genuine humour, and Mr. Collins, from the Southampton company were lately engaged.

HAY-MARKET.

THIS theatre closed a most successful season on Wednesday the 15th instant, with the *Voice of Nature*, the *Sixty-third Letter*, and the *Fairies' Revels*.—At the conclusion of the first piece, Mr. Fawcett, the acting manager, addressed an overflowing audience in the following terms :

“ *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

“ Mr. Colman, the proprietor of this theatre, under whose management I have of late assisted in many of his arrangements immediately relative to the stage, has deputed me to return you his warmest thanks for the patronage with which you have continued to honor his house during this season. Allow me to say, also, that the gratitude of every performer here is as strongly impressed upon their minds as, be assured, it is on my own. But in addition to these acknowledgments, the proprietor has instructed me to address you with matter of such peculiar nature, that your patience is solicited while I read, *verbatim*, that which he has commissioned me to communicate.

“ When a royal patent was about to be granted to the late Mr. Foote, it was inquired, with that justice which characterises the English throne, what annual extent of term might be granted to him without injury to theatrical patents then existing in this metropolis. The proprietors of the winter theatres were interrogated on this point; and in consequence of their documents, a patent was granted to Foote for his life, to open a theatre annually, from the 15th of May to the 15th of September inclusive. The winter houses never closed precisely on the commencement of his term; but Foote was *unique*, and depended chiefly on his own writing and his own acting. A licence was given to the elder Colman, for the same annual term, on Foote's death; but aware that he could not,

like his singularly gifted predecessor, depend on his own individual powers, he engaged a regular company of comedians, chiefly selected from the winter theatres, for whose assistance he was obliged to *wait* till those theatres closed. He ventured, in every shape, very deeply on a limited privilege, which this mode of speculation rendered still more limited. The younger Colman, our present proprietor, succeeded his father in the licence, but bought the property at the expence of several thousand pounds; and thus came into a theatre, where the custom of depending on the movements of the winter houses has now curtailed its short season of nearly one-third! The object at length in view is to remedy the evil, without invidious and vain attempts to attack much more powerful theatres, who have an undoubted privilege of acting plays all the year round. The proprietor has no intention of tiring the public ear by a querulous appeal;—he admits that others have the fullest right to make their property as productive as possible: he wishes merely to follow their example, and solicits your support in establishing a company of actors totally independent of them. There are but three houses permitted to give you regular batches of plays in London; and this house (by far the most humble) sees no reason, when they will be all making their bread, on the 15th of May next, why even *three* of a trade should not perfectly agree. Should this arrangement succeed, which is, even at this early period, actually forming, you will (on the re-opening of this theatre)

greet the return to London of some favorites, who, it is trusted, will find no diminution of your protection; you will witness new and rising merit, which it is your marked practice to foster. There is no theatrical town in the united kingdom which will not be resorted to, in the hope of procuring you its choicest produce: and, in addition to other authors, you will be intreated, early in the season, to shew your indulgence to the proprietor's further attempts at dramatic composition—whose pen, he humbly hopes, notwithstanding the long duration of your encouragement, is not yet quite worn out in your service."

The address was received with universal plaudits.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. JOHNSON DOING PENANCE AT HIS FATHER'S BOOK-STALL.

DURING the last visit which the doctor made to Litchfield, the friends with whom he was staying missed him one morning at the breakfast table; on enquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Litchfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper hour, the door opened, and the doc-

tor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody daring to enquire the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following manner:—"Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning, but I was constrained to it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, Madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending —— market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, Madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a postchaise to ——, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by, and the inclemency of the weather—a penance by which, I trust, I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy towards my father."

THE INVENTOR OF TELEGRAPHS.

IN the Life of Monsieur William Amontons, a member of the French academy, published in 1717 (who was son of a lawyer, and born in Normandy, in the year 1663), we have the following passage:—"Perhaps it will not be looked upon any otherwise than as an amusement or pastime of the mind; but, however, a very ingenious one that he invented, a method of communicating the thoughts of one person to another at a very considerable distance; for example, from Paris to Rome in so short a time as three or four hours, in such a manner that those who lived between should know nothing of the matter; and yet this proposition, so paradoxical, and so chimerical in appearance, was executed in a small extent of country, once before the Duke of Orleans, and at another time before the Dutchess; for though Monsieur Amontons did not at all understand the art of making his court to great men, yet his merit made him known to several great Princes. The secret consisted in placing people in several posts at certain distances from each other, who by the help of telescopy could perceive certain signals at the post before them, and transmit them to the next behind them, and so on. These different signals were so many letters of an alphabet, of which they only had the cypher at Paris and at Rome. The great reach of the telescopes made the distance of the posts, the number of which was to be as few as possible; and as the second post transmitted

the signals to the third as soon as ever he received them from the first, the news was carried from Paris to Rome in almost as short a time as was necessary to make the signals at Paris."

Monsieur Amontons was admitted into the Royal Academy of Paris in the year 1699, at the time Louis XIV. gave them their new rules, and died October 11, 1705, aged 42 years and about two months.

DIDEROT.

IN the account which the Abbe Barruel gives of the closing scene of Diderot's life, is the following anecdote:—This infidel philosopher had a christian servant to whom he was very kind, and who waited on him in his last illness. The servant took a tender interest in the melancholy situation of his master, who was just about to leave this world without any preparation for another. Though a young man, he ventured one day, when he was engaged about his person, to remind him he had a soul, and to admonish him in a respectful manner not to lose the last opportunity of attending to its welfare. Diderot heard him with attention, melted into tears, and thanked him; he even consented to let the young man introduce a clergyman, whom he would probably have continued to admit to his chamber if his infidel friends would have suffered the clergyman to repeat his visits.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1802.

THE HARP;

OR, FEMALE FALSEHOOD.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

BY HECTOR MACNEIL, ESQ.

STILL'D is the tempest's blust'ring roar,
Hoarse dash the billows of the sea :
But who on Kilda's dismal shore
Cries—"Have I burnt my harp for thee?"

'Tis Col, wild raving to the gale,
That howls o'er heath and blasted lea ;
Still as he eyes the lessening sail,
Cries—"Have I burnt my harp for thee !

Bright was thy fame in Bara's isle,
Sweet bard ! where many a rival sung ;
Oft hadst thou wak'd the tear and smile,
As soft thy harp melodious rung :

Oft hadst thou touch'd the female heart,
(To love, I ween, and pity true)
Till Mora came to hear thy art—
Mora, with eye of soft'ning blue.

The maid he priz'd above the throng
That press'd to hear his raptur'd strain;
The maid, who melted at the song,
But trifled with a lover's pain!

Long had he borne the treach'rous smile,
That cherish'd hope, and left despair;
The promis'd bliss, which female guile
As oft dispers'd in empty air.

Till shunn'd by every constant maid,
Condemn'd by friends, by kindred press'd,
Deceitful, thus, in smiles array'd,
Mora the sorrowing youth address'd:—

“ Too long, O Col! in plaintive moan,
Thou'st strung thy harp to strains divine:
Add but two strings of varied tone,
This heart, this yielding heart is thine!”

Two strings the youth, with anxious care,
Half doubtful, to his harp applies;
And oft in vain he turns each air,
And oft each varying note he tries.

At length (unrivall'd in his art)
With new-born sounds the valley rings—
Col claims his Mora's promis'd heart,
As deep he strikes the varied strings.

Three moons, three honied moons, are pass'd
Since Col, enraptur'd, laugh'd at care;
And oft the tuneful harp he bless'd,
That won a nymph so good and fair!

Till, mindful of those tender ties,
That fashion's sons would blush to name,
With soften'd voice and melting sighs
He thus accosts his peerless dame:—

“ Three months, dear partner of my bliss,
Three fleeting months, have shed their charms
Since first I snatch’d the bridal kiss,
And clasp’d perfection to my arms ;

“ Yet happiness, however true,
Must fade, if selfish or confin’d :
Your friends now claim affections due,
The kindred transports of the mind.

“ Each parent mourns our cold delay,
They think of Mora with a tear ;
The gale invites—at early day
To Cana’s sea-beat shore we steer.”

The morn blush’d fair ; mild blew the gale ;
The lark to Heaven light warbling springs ;
Col smiles with love, spreads quick the sail,
And sweeps with ravish’d heart the strings.

But, ah ! how short the transient gleams
That light with joy the human breast !
The tempest raves, and wildly screams
Each frightened sea-fowl to her nest ;

High rage the billows of the deep,
That lately roll’d serenely mild ;
And, dash’d near Kilda’s awful steep,
Col clasps his love with horror wild !

For cold’s the form o’er which he hung
With raptur’d eye the morn before,
And mute and tuneless is the tongue
That charm’d so late on Bara’s shore !

And pale and lifeless is the cheek
That glow’d so late with rosy hue ;
The eye, that melting joys could speak,
Is clos’d—the eye of soft’ning blue !

Hard with the furious surge he strove,
His love and fav'rite harp to save;
Till deep in Crona's sea-worn cove
He bears them safe from storm and wave.

But cove, nor love's assiduous care,
Could ebbing life's warm tide restore—
Pale, wet, and speechless lay the fair
On Kilda's bleak and stormy shore!

Oft, oft her breathless lips of clay,
With frantic cries, he fondly press'd,
And while a senseless corse she lay,
He strain'd her madly to his breast!

But who can paint with pencil true
The scene, when sighs first struggling stole
(Which thus by magic love he drew)
Deep lab'ring from her flutt'ring soul!

"She breathes—she lives!" the minstrel cried;
"Life has not fled this beauteous form!
Protecting Heav'n, some aid provide,
Shield, shield my trembler from the storm!"

"No roof its friendly smoke displays—
No storm-scap'd faggot, turf, or tree—
No shrub, to yield one kindly blaze,
And warm my love to life and me!"

"Dark grows the night, and cold and sharp
Beat wind, and hail, and drenching rain;
Nought else remains—I'll burn my harp,"
He cries: and breaks his harp in twain!

"For thee, O Mora! oft it rung,
To guard thee from each rival's art;
And now, tho' broken and unstrung,
It guards from death thy constant heart!"—

Bright flam'd the fragments as he spoke,
 One parting sigh his harp he gave ;
 The storm-drench'd faggots blaze thro' smoke,
 And snatch'd his Mora from the grave.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE VISITOR.

TO nature, on earth, a short visit we pay,
 That visit, at longest, no more than a day ;
 We rise in the morning with tears in our eye,
 Says nature (and gives us a rattle) " Don't cry !"
 We sit down to breakfast—'tis done in a trice,
 And well we remember our mother's advice ;
 The tears from our eyes we wipe off too soon,
 And play the farce pastime thro' all the forenoon.
 With a short grace, if any, we sit down to dine ;
 At the feast we forget that the day will decline—
 'Tis declining already, for if you can see,
 Tho' you told the clock twelve, mark the hand,
 that's at three !
 Over coffee and tea, how we trifle and prate,
 Till evening, and then—" Who'd have thought it
 so late !"
 Says nature—" Arise, make your bow, and away,
 The chaise at the door, and the driver wont stay."
 Reluctant we enter, the reason I know—
 And are we quite sure to what inn we shall go !
 Inn ! that's not the word, and we know it too well,
 For homeward we go, and are going to dwell !
 And are we quite sure we shall dwell at our ease,
 And shall we reside just as long as we please ?
 That, that is the point—but where'er we retire,
 The lease of our dwelling will never expire !
 Mankind are the Visitors : warn'd at the thought,
 At your visit, behave as such visitors ought !

 TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Who, supposing the Author's Muse to be fickle, obliged him
to write some Verses on the Spot, and in her Presence,
on her Friend, a very handsome Woman.*

 BY. G. DYER.

AMELIA, yes, thy friend is fair,
And well might claim my liveliest song;
I mark'd her flowing auburn hair,
I felt the music of her tongue.

I mark'd her eyes, that beam'd with living fire,
Her cheeks, that nature's rosiest hues exprest,
Her coral lips, her lovely snowy breast,
Raptur'd I saw, and thus I strike my lyre.

But why, sweet girl, perplex me so,
Why bid me in thy presence write?
Let but one sun its glory show,
Will not that one expel the night?
But should two suns at once ascend the skies,
Both warm, both shining bright in rival pride,
When the poor Indian upward cast his eyes,
Ah! how should he his wavering worship guide?

But be it so—two nymphs I view,
Both fair, yet here some difference lies:
Amelia's eyes are heavenly blue,
And black as sloes are Charlotte's eyes.

So, pretty maid, my muse shall both obey,
Something from both, to grace my song, shall
borrow;
And I will be thy constant swain to-day,
A swain as constant to thy friend to-morrow.

THE BALLOON.

AN EXTEMPORE EPISTLE

*From Miss Wilhelmina Wonderment, in Bath, to her
Mother, in Lancashire.*

OF all the grand sights, my dear mother, e'er seen,
The sight of all sights is—the *flight Garnerin!*
Tho' one Wilkins, an old and ingenious writer,
(Who wore, if I err not, a reverend mitre)
Declar'd that in time men would call for their
wings
As common as then for spurs, boots, and such
things:
Yet the worthy good bishop ne'er thought we
should pass
From earth to the heavens by the help of mere *gas*.
Now *gas*, you must know, is a light kind of air,
Which, enclos'd in a monstrous thin bag, like a
pear,
Will rise thro' the air atmospheric we breathe,
And leave highest hills countless fathoms beneath!
Tho' London and Paris had oft seen such diver-
sions,
Yet Bath had ne'er witnessed aerial excursions;
The day was propitious, the city as gay
As Preston itself on its finest guild day,
The streets lined with chaises, tim-whiskies, and
gigs,
And thousand sweet faces in a thousand new wigs.
What spectacle e'er could afford such delight,
As hills gem'd with beauties like stars in the night?
Each eye on gay Sidney's Elysium was fix'd,
With wonder, joy, fear, and anxiety mix'd;
At length the great mass, like a whale in the ocean,
Gave signs of being full by its undular motion;

When Garnerin mounted the car with his friend,
And with grandeur majestic began to ascend !
What din did the wond'ring spectators then make !
Some wept, cry'd " God speed ye !" and some did
so shake !

Whilst the twain, like experienc'd and confident
wags,

Smil'd, prattled, congeed, then flourish'd their flags.
How gradual it rose—how grand did it soar
To regions where man had ne'er travell'd before !
The evening serene—scarce a cloud was in sight,
For the winds had retir'd, in a manner polite,
To let the Bathonians enjoy a long time
A wonder so novel, a sight so sublime !
For full half an hour round the city it play'd,
Sometimes o'er the abbey, then o'er the Parade ;
But oft in the air, so tremendously high,
That the monstrous balloon seem'd a speck to the eye.
Then the aeronauts lower'd their course in a whiff,
We thought they had touch'd on our Beechen old
Cliff ;

But discharging the ballast, the machine took a
flight

'Mongst clouds, and thro' which we sometimes
caught a sight ;

Then soaring above them, whilst Luna in fear,
Cried, " What mortals are these who approach us
so near ! "

And once had conceiv'd to her wrath to give birth,
And dash with her lightning these invaders to earth :
But Glassford and Garnerin, tho' vent'rous and bold,
Thought her realms, like herself, were too chaste
and too cold,

Then opening a valve, to expel the light gas,
Towards earth from her anger they instantly pass,
And night drawing on, cold, dreary, and dark,
They made their descent, lucky souls ! at Mella
Park—

Where old hospitality holds a snug corner,
As unlimited butler to good Squire Horner.

This adventure aerial, dear mother, I've wrote,
Compliant with wishes exprest in your note,
Tho' the measure may often be faulty and lame,
An account in dull prose would be tediously tame,
After what has appear'd from Garnerin's pen—
Garnerin the genteelest, most intrepid of men!
Who, I should have informed you, return'd the
same night

To the garden, brimful with success and delight;
Tho' it's said his sweet brow was once clouded with
frowns,

When he saw our gay city *so sparing of crowns*—
Saw the hills crowded over, the Gardens so thin,
Like Gamon, he thought 'twas a shame and a sin
That the passengers *outside* out-number'd those *in*.

So, dear mother, thus ends this delectable scene,
Whilst I rest your affectionate girl,

WILHELMENE.

P. S. *I've just heard, by a person of credit from
Mells,*

*A marvellous tale, which, on honor, he tells:
That the rooks, when they saw the balloon come in
sight,*

*Took wing in an instant in terrible fright,
And not one to the Rook'ry has since taken flight.**

*From this hint 'twould be wise, next season, to try
If the rooks from Bath rook'ries would happily fly.
If so, a balloon might then prove of some use,
And 'mongst pigeons of fortune vast savings produce!*

September 10, 1802.

* A truth.

Literary Review.

Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt during the Campaigns of General Bonaparte, by Vivant Denon. Translated from the French. To which is prefixed an historical Account of the Invasion of Egypt by the French. By E. A. Kendal, Esq. Illustrated by Maps, Views, &c. In two volumes.

THE expedition of the French into Egypt has proved the means of our acquiring a considerable knowledge of the manners and customs of that far-famed country. Sonnini in particular has yielded the public no small information on the subject. But there is one trait in the present performance which renders it interesting to readers of almost every description: it is, that Denon accompanied Bonaparte in the expedition; so that, to use his own words in the dedication—"Europe, in learning that in one of your most memorable expeditions *I accompanied you*, will feel an eager interest in my work."

We have indeed perused the work with interest and pleasure. It seems well translated,

and the engravings are elegant and characteristic. Much light is thrown on that distant but highly celebrated portion of the world.

Elements of General History, ancient and modern ; to which are added a Table of Chronology, and a comparative View of ancient and modern Geography. Illustrated by Maps. In two Volumes.

MR. TYTLER, professor of history in the university, has here thrown together the topics of his lectures delivered by him through a series of years: of course we meet with an admirable epitome of the events by which the lapse of time hath been characterised. It must be very convenient to consult so judicious a sketch, drawn up by the hand of a master, and bearing evident traits of impartiality.—The transactions of history are so multifarious and so interwoven together, that a common reader is thrown into perplexity; but with the present volumes his mind glides along the stream of time, and reaches its destined goal with facility. Order is of use in every thing: in no one science is its efficacy felt more sensibly than in the pages of the historian; it is a ray of light flung on a chaotic mass of incidents—it enables us to discriminate, every event takes its appropriate position, and we read the tale of former times with increasing delight and satisfaction.

Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew, delivered in the Parish Church of St. James, Westminster, in the Years 1798, 1799, 1800, and 1801. By the Right Rev. Beilby Porteus, D. D. Bishop of London. In two Volumes. Second Edition.

THESE *Lectures* it is well known were delivered to large and respectable audiences—for an attendance upon them became a point of *etiquette* even in the gay and fashionable world. In their present more permanent form we have listened to them with pleasure—the sentiments are in general just, the language neat and easy, and the whole of a pious and benevolent tendency. This prelate has long been distinguished for the rigorous discharge of the duties of his station; honored by the particular notice of her majesty, he has shewn himself worthy of the promotion which he enjoys: We therefore congratulate the public on the utility of the work, and trust the *Lectures* will be of special service to those in higher life who are disposed to look into the productions of a prelate distinguished for piety.

A Tour through the northern Counties of England and the Borders of Scotland, by the Rev. Richard Warner. In two volumes.

THE author of these volumes is so well known to the public by other publications of a similar kind, that the less may be said of the works before us. His tours through Wales,

and also through the western counties of England, have been widely circulated. He certainly possesses a discerning mind, and commits his peregrinations to paper with a wonderful ease and ingenuity. We accompany our traveller with the greater pleasure, because he never fatigues us with the length of his descriptions. Rapidly noticing the several objects attracting his attention, we receive some instruction and no inconsiderable degree of amusement. In the present tour manufactories are pleasantly detailed, and the scenery of the lakes delicately sketched. The beauties of nature and the wonders of art here conspire to promote our entertainment.

English Composition, in a Method entirely new; with various short contrasted Examples from celebrated Writers. The Whole adapted to common Capacities, and designed as an easy Help to form a good Style and to acquire a Taste for the Works of the best Authors. By the Rev. G. G. Scraggs. To which are added, an Essay on the Advantages of understanding Composition, and a List of select Books for English Readers; with Remarks.

THE improved taste of the age for the beauties of style and composition renders it absolutely necessary that a proper attention be paid to this interesting branch of education.—All treatises designed to promote so useful an end should be received with candour; and accordingly we have perused the present work with pleasure. The plan is excellent, but the

contrasted examples are not sufficiently numerous ; this however may be remedied in a future edition. Parents and teachers of youth will find this little manual extremely useful, and therefore we wish it an extended circulation.

Conjugata Latina, or a Collection of the purest and most usual Latin Words, distinguished into Classes according to the Times of their Occurrence, and arranged according to their Derivations, with their Significations and Syllabic Quantities ; comprising 3,000 Words, chiefly selected from Terence, Caesar, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid ; to which is subjoined, an alphabetical Index of all the Words. By Thomas Haigh, A.M. Master of the Grammar-School, Tottenham.

THIS work, which is evidently drawn up with care, cannot fail of being useful to boys who are learning the Latin language ; and schools will find an advantage in the use of it. To become possessed of a large stock of words, is a considerable acquisition ; the application of syntax then becomes easy, and the attainment of the language is greatly facilitated. We always wish well to such humble yet useful publications.

Paris delineated. From the French of Mercier ; including a Description of the principal Edifices and Curiosities of that Metropolis. In two Volumes.

THIS publication contains a sketch of Paris previous to the revolution ; it details in an en-

tertaining manner the principal places, with anecdotes relative to characters the most famous amongst them. Indeed we have reason to believe that the picture may be depended on, on account of its fidelity. Some incidents are mentioned highly diverting, which shew that a Frenchman is made up of gaiety and dissipation. This, at the same time, is so directly opposite to the traits of Englishmen, that we read them with astonishment. We have, however, no reason to doubt of the truth of the statements here given—they were observed on the spot, and are here pourtrayed with an interesting vivacity.

New Picture of Paris, by Mercier. Translated from the French. In two Volumes.

THIS work, by the same hand, imparts to the reader an idea of Paris subsequent to the revolution; of course many of the places assume new names, the manners have undergone a considerable alteration, and the whole appears changed after a mode which excites admiration. The Parisians, however, seem not less gay nor less profligate—pleasure is their god; and forgetting the scenes of slaughter which have disgraced this city, they fall down before their favorite deity with the most profound prostration.

To such of our readers as may wish to contemplate the condition of the French people before and since the revolution, we shall at a future time be able to present them with an interesting

engraving descriptive of the enormities committed in that country at the former period, as a convincing proof of the horrors of intestine commotions ; and which ought to confirm us in the happiness we enjoy as a free people under a firm and truly constitutional government.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1802.

THE state of the political world has suffered little alteration since our last monthly communication. Tired of war, with all its attendant horrors, the statesmen of different countries are adjusting their finances and consulting their individual prosperity. Would to God that the great men of the earth were always thus peaceably employed !

From *Switzerland*, however, we learn that they have by no means recovered the sad effects of the French revolution. The inhabitants are far from being content with the interference of their new masters : Zurich, one of the chief towns, and the head of the Protestant interest, is in a state of insurrection ; it has even shut its gates against General Andermat and the troops sent to take possession of it. Indeed the day that saw a French army in their country extinguished their liberties for ever ! To use the words of a respectable print—" The charm which had so long defended them amidst the

rage of surrounding wars and the mad ambition of surrounding potentates was then dissolved!"

From *France* little news has reached us. The French dare not speak out—this is a fact, and yet they call their country *The Land of Liberty!* A respectable correspondent thinks that our remarks in the last number were too severe on the prohibition of English newspapers; but granting (as we readily do) that those prints advanced much objectionable matter, and indeed had no business to meddle with their government, still we are of opinion that the prohibition argued no small consciousness of their imbecility.

With respect to *Great Britain*, his MAJESTY has again prorogued *parliament* till near the middle of *November*, when we hope their *maiden* resolves will evince a real attachment to the good of their country.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1802.

1. PARLIAMENT prorogued by his Majesty to the 15th of November, of which there was the usual promulgation

2. The Jubilee Guild at Preston, in Lancashire began, and continued for a great many days. Every *one-and-twenty* years they are obliged to renew the charter of their corporation; otherwise their rights and privileges are lost for ever:

accordingly the renewal is always made with great pomp and festivity. On the present occasion, noblemen and gentry attended to grace the processions; the several trades walked in order with their appropriate *insignia*; and the whole appears to have been conducted with uncommon gaiety. The Earl of Derby, Mr. Erskine, and many other celebrated characters, were present on the occasion.

3. About half past nine in the evening the rabble commonly called *Lady Holland's Mob* assembled in Smithfield, and parading the City Road and Finsbury-square, knocked down or robbed almost every person they met. Some have been taken, and will, we trust, be severely punished for such daring outrages on the community.

6. The Duke of Bedford sworn in Recorder of Bedford in the room of his late much lamented brother; his grace addressed the corporation in a pathetic speech well suited to the occasion.

7. Mr. Sheridan gave a grand harvest-home to the labouring people in the neighbourhood of his beautiful seat at Polesden. A large tent was erected on the lawn capable of accommodating 300 persons, who were treated with true English cheer and ancient hospitality.

8. The powder-mills blew up at Feversham with a most tremendous agitation, shaking every adjacent building to their foundations. It is impossible to know how it happened. Five poor fellows and two horses lost their lives, and their limbs were found scattered in every direction!

11. An eclipse of the moon seen with great advantage, owing to the clearness of the night: it came on a little after nine o'clock, and disappeared about twelve. The phenomenon was observed by most persons with great attention.

12. A very genteel dressed man, having got behind one of the Stratford stages, unfortunately was entangled in the wheel, which at length drew him almost double between the spokes of the wheel, so that the progress of the carriage was impeded. To extricate the unhappy man, the wheel was taken off, when it appeared that his head was nearly severed from his body!—This, we hope, will operate by way of caution.

13. *Ass* races commenced at Margate, to the great diversion of the company. We cannot help congratulating them on the *dignity* and *rationality* of their amusements. Admirable recreation!

15. A woman was tried for stealing an *infant*, but for want of evidence acquitted. She was indicted for receiving the clothes, knowing them to be stolen, there being no law against stealing children. The woman was, however, detained on other charges, and will, we hope, be properly punished for so abominable a depredation on society. This is a new species of outrage and robbery.

21. Mons. Garnerin ascended from George's Parade about half past five, and, having reached a great height, descended in his parachute, to the admiration and astonishment of immense multitudes. The swinging of the parachute, after it was loosened from the balloon, seemed

tremendous; but no injury was sustained by the aeronaut, who came down near Pancras church. This is the first time a thing of this kind was ever attempted in this country.

23. A Mr. Todd performed an aquatic experiment, at Ranelagh, by descending into a reservoir of water. He was cased in copper and iron plates, which made him look like an Egyptian mummy—remained not more than three minutes below the water—and took no lights along with him, which he had promised. There were not above seventy spectators, whom he frequently harangued; but they were not stricken with a very high degree of admiration at his invention. Indeed, neither its perfection nor utility were recognized. When improved, it may be of some use to the future ages of the world.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

(From the London Gazette.)

SAMUEL PHELPS, late of Grosvenor-place, Middlesex, merchant. James Stott, Macclesfield, Cheshire, innkeeper. John Dance, late of Oxford-street, orange merchant. Thomas Garforth, Bramhope, Yorkshire, corn merchant. John Henry Emmott, James Browne, and Francis Browne, Old Jewry, London, wine merchants. Jonathan Fox and William Fox, of the Pavement, Finsbury, London, merchants. Thomas Thyne, Southwark, Surrey, victualler. John Turnbull, John Forbes,

Robert Allen Crawford, and David Skene, Broadstreet, London, merchants. John Harding, late of Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell, victualler. George Mallinson and Josiah Sheard, Huddersfield, York, dyers. Thomas Pyne, Southwark, Surrey, victualler. William Potter, Bath, upholder. Thomas Keetley, Sandiacre, Derbyshire, timber merchant. Joseph Knight the younger, Cannock, Staffordshire, mercer. Elliot Arthy, late of Liverpool, mariner. James Bernard Bolingbroke and Mary Ann Bolingbroke, Norwich, woollen drapers. Thomas Fenwick the elder and Thomas Fenwick the younger, Boston, Lincolnshire, drapers. Mary Tagg, Bath, grocer. Thomas Leaver, Manchester, cotton manufacturer. Wm. Page, Wood-street, merchant. James Burman, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, grocer. Francis Morgan, Liverpool, merchant. George Brett, Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, grocer. John Ribbans, Colchester, Essex, wine merchant. John Ashby, late of Hinckley, Leicester, baker. William Macfarlane, Bethnall-green, merchant. Joseph Allen, Saint Mary Axe, merchant. Philip Lock, Avening, Gloucester, clothier. Joseph Prager, late of Norfolk-street, Strand, broker. Peter Grove, now or late of Snarsbrook, Essex, baker. Stephen Cleasby, Austin-Friars, merchant. John Gillatt, Joseph Hawkesworth, and William Gillatt, now or late of Sheffield, common brewers. James Lowe, Little Bolton, Lancaster, butcher. William Palmer, Bristol, victualler. James Powell, Villiers street, Strand, merchant. Robert Farthing, Blakeney, Norfolk, merchant. George Nightingale, Leaden-hall-street, carver and gilder. Thomas Archer Simkins, Old Swan-lane, Upper Thames-street, lighterman and coal merchant. William Pope, Wood-street, merchant. Thomas Fawcett, Chiswell-street, Moorfields, rectifier. John Beetzler, late of Market-Deeping, Lincoln-

shire, corn merchant. Richard Tomkinson, John Tomkinson, and Daniel Frederick Solicke, Liverpool, merchants.

BIRTHS.

At Montreal, Kent, the Right Hon. Lady Amherst, of a son and heir.—At Oakfield House, near Croydon, the lady of H. Warrington, Esq. of a daughter.—At Twickenham, the 13th instant, the Hon. Mrs. Espinasse, lady of Lieutenant colonel Espinasse, of a daughter.—On the 14th, at Lord Bolton's, Lower Grosvenor street, the Hon. Mrs. Irby, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Henry Jodrell, of Bayfield, Esq. M. P. to Miss Weyland, eldest daughter of John Weyland, Esq. of Woodeaton.—Lately, Samuel Hood Linzee, captain in the navy, to Miss Woolridge, of Plymouth.—At Skeldon Castle, near Ayr, the seat of Major-general John Fullarton, John Taylor, of Blackhouse, Esq. to Miss Arabella Fullarton, the eldest daughter of General Fullarton, a young lady of great beauty and most amiable disposition, with a fortune of 20,000l.—At Aberdeen, the 12th inst. John Anderson, Esq. late of Calcutta, to Miss M. Glenney, of Aberdeen.—On the 11th inst. at Cottingham, near Hull, James Croft Brooke, to Miss Frances Brooke, second daughter of John Brooke, Esq. of Hull Bank, near Hull.—On the 8th inst. John Henry Stephenson, Esq. of Great Omond street, to Miss Eleanor Smith, daughter of Hugh Smith, of Bloomsbury-square, Esq.—At Saunby, near Gainsborough, the Rev. Mr. Shaw, aged 75, to his housekeeper, aged 21.—Sept. 2, Mr. George Seddon to Mrs. Milward.

DEATHS.

AT Clapton, in the 73d year of his age, Baden Powell, Esq. of Loughton, Essex.—At Southampton, on the 28th ult. Lady Jane Terry, sister to the Earl of Dysart.—At Islington, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Dupree.—On the 19th ult. at Worthing, where he went for the recovery of his health, the Hon. Augustus Philip Monckton, third son of Viscount Galway.—Lately, Mrs. Hubbard, of Blackheath, aged 84. In the King's Bench prison, of a deep decline, M. Bossi, a musical professor of eminent talents.—At Hales-place, near Canterbury, after a few days illness, in the 78th year of his age, Sir Edward Hales, Bart.—A few weeks ago, Mrs. Johnson, of Glaston. She was in the act of delivering some beer to a servant, apparently well as usual, when she fell down and instantly expired.—At Northampton, Justinian Ekins, Esq. He went to rest the preceding night in apparent good health, and was found dead in his bed in the morning.—At Rawcliffe, near Snaith, in his 70th year, Mr. John Oswald, who was for many years a distinguished officer in his majesty's navy.—In the 66th year of his age, the Rev. John Bell, rector of St. Crux, Pavement, and St. Margaret, Walmgate, and curate of the perpetual curacy of St. Sampson, all in York, and master of the grammar-school endowed by the late William Haughton, Esq. also in that city.—At Biggar, on the 10th ult. the Rev. Robert Peterson, minister of the Relief Congregation there.—At St. Andrews, on the 20th ult. in the 85th year of his age, Alexander Scott, Esq.—At Lisbon, on the 22d of July, where he had been on the staff of the army in Portugal as aid-de-camp to General Fraser, Captain Simon Fraser, of the 72d regiment, son of James Fraser, W. S.—Lately, in Ireland, the Right Hon.

the Earl of Ross.—At Hampstead, the seat of Captain Hodges, Mr Jean, the artist.—At Beccles, in the 60th year of his age, the Rev. J. Heplinstall, dissenting minister of that place. He was taken ill whilst doing duty at meeting, and expired in a few hours after.—At Porto, R. Harris, Esq. many years merchant at that place. His death was occasioned by a stone thrown at him by some person at present undiscovered, which fractured his skull.

To Correspondents.

OUR artist is executing a neat engraving to illustrate the present popular subject of aerostation, given in continuation in our work; we expect to present our subscribers with it in the next number.

The articles alluded to by *Osmath Semiah* must have been mislaid by the former publisher of the Monthly Visitor, as they have never reached the present editors.

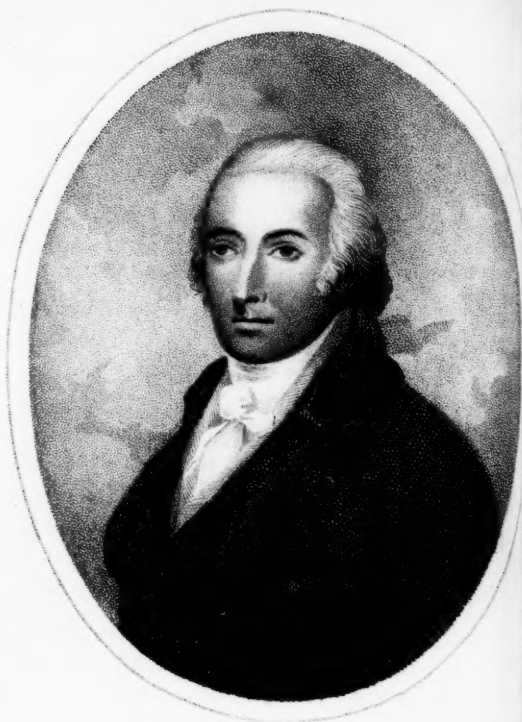
We have received several communications, which shall appear in regular succession.

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T. W. COKE, ESQ.^R